



THE SPHINX.



# THE SPHINX

Published by the  
JUNIOR CLASS

Momence Community High School  
Momence, Illinois

1920



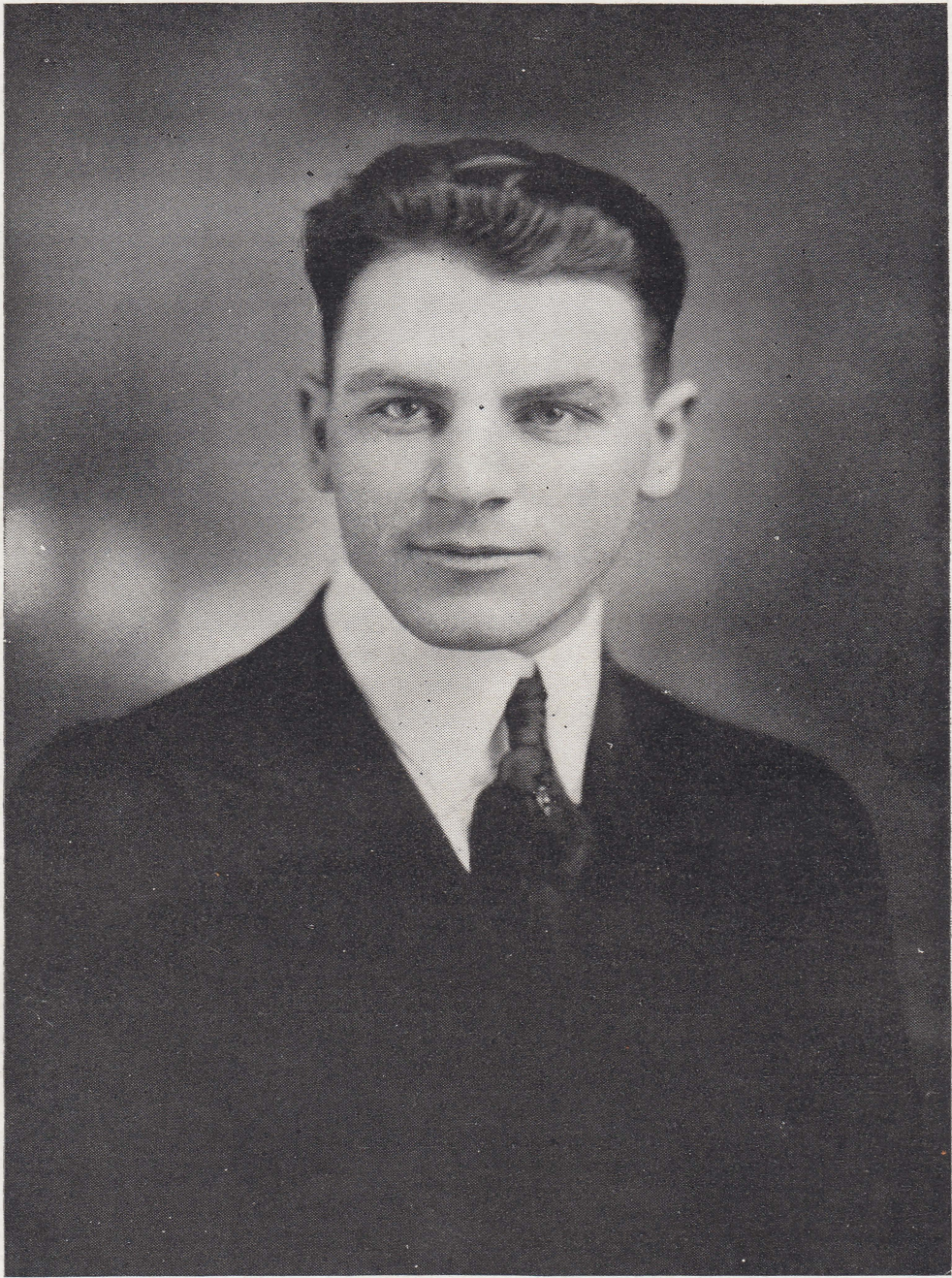
## Dedication

We, the Year Book Staff of 1920, in token of the esteem for him who commands our Respect and Admiration, who has helped us with his Optimism and inspired us with his own Enthusiasm, hereby dedicate this volume to

Our Friend, Our Counsellor, Our Teacher,

Paul G. Miller







## *The Staff*

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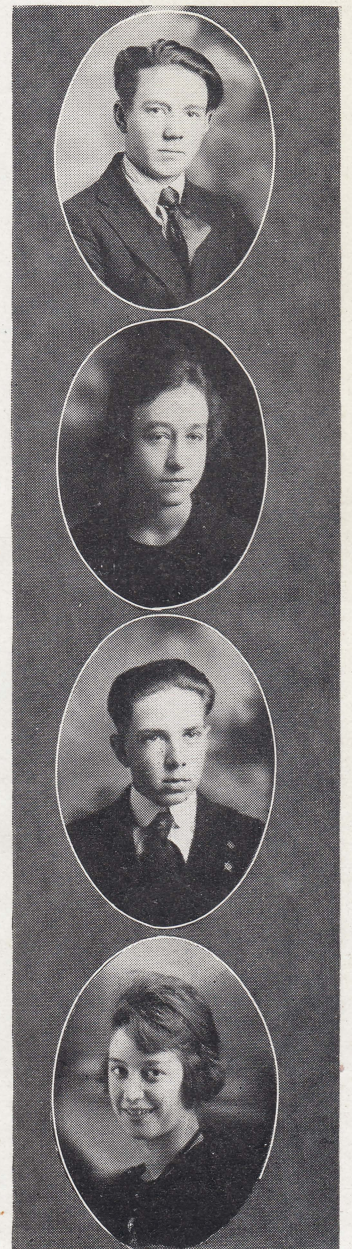
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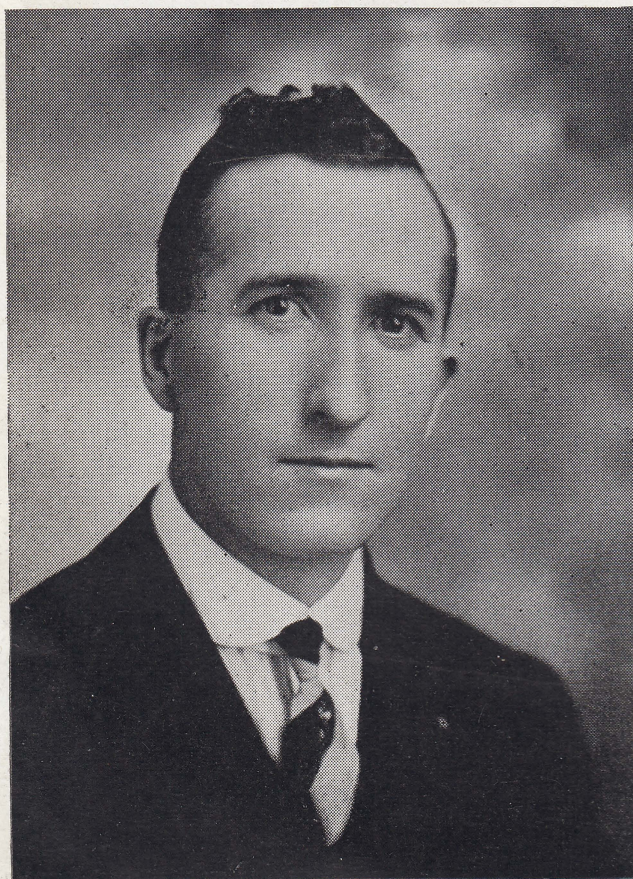
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FACULTY





Mr. Thomas Robert Johnston has been Superintendent of Public Schools in Momence for the past six years, and during all that time, he has given unsparingly of his energy and ability for the betterment of the system. The results of his efforts have borne good fruits, and we are proud to say that the present efficient system is due to his work.



MR. PAUL G. MILLER is a graduate of Shurtleff College, Alton, Illinois, class of 1916. Was Director of Athletics at Cotner College, Bethany, Nebraska one year and in U. S. Army two years, the last year being spent as Instructor in The United States Gas School. This year he has been Principal of the High School and had charge of Science.

MRS. KATHREEN JOHNSTON is a graduate of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, class of 1916. She taught English and German at Armstrong, Illinois Township High School, and for the past two years has been at the head of our English Department.

MISS LULA ROSS was graduated from Shurtleff College, Alton, Illinois, in 1919. Prior to graduation she had had two year's grade teaching experience. She has had charge of the History Department this year.

MISS MARIE BEARDSLEE was graduated from Northwestern University, with the class of 1917. She taught two years at Sheldon, Illinois, High School, and has had charge of French and Latin for the past year.

MR. L. B. WALSH was graduated from Illinois University in 1917. For the past year and one half he has had charge of Agriculture in the high school, but left at the end of the first semester to take up farming.







MISS MARGARET PEALE was graduated at Illinois University with the class of 1918. She taught Domestic Science at Paxton, Illinois High School for one year, and has had charge of the same department in our High School this year.



MR. HAROLD HUNGERFORD attended Yankton College at Yankton, S. D. for two years, and the University of Illinois for three, graduating in 1917. Spent one year in the A. E. F. U. S. Army, and part of a year in State Dairy Inspection. Took up our work in Agriculture upon Mr. Walsh's departure.



MISS JEAN BIGELOW is a graduate of Momence High School, and after taking a course in business principles, was connected with the Gregg School of Business in Chicago. She has had charge of our Commercial Department this past year.



MR. HENRY LIBERTY attended University High School at Normal, Ill., for two years and Valparaiso University at Valparaiso, Ind. for two more. Graduated from Normal University in 1917. Taught Manual Training at Rochelle, Ill. High School for one year and has had that Department in our High School the past year.

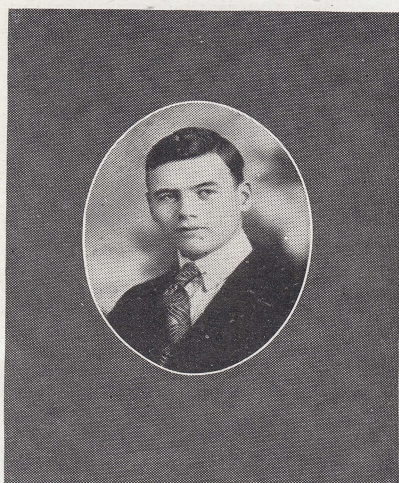


MISS HELENA HARDY was graduated from Momence High School in 1914. Attended Penn Hall at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, 1915-16 and Northern Illinois State Normal, DeKalb, Ill., 1916-17. She has had charge of Music the past year.









ELNO SMITH, (Hunko), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.

Football (4); Basketball (2), (3), (4); President of Senior Class (4); Joke Editor of Year Book (3); Pageant (1), Play (2).

"Never trouble trouble and it'll never trouble you".

COLORS: Old Rose and Gold

MOTTO: Excelsior

FLOWER: Wild Rose

### OFFICERS

ELNO SMITH	.	.	.	.	President
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LESTER SONSTROM	.	.	.	.	Student Council

### ROLL

EARL BARTLETT  
RUBY BRIGHT  
CLARA BYDALEX  
PEARLE DELIERE  
ROBERT FLUCK  
HELEN FOX  
WARREN GRAY  
EDWIN GREEN  
LEILA HARMS

LON KELLER  
HAZEL MILLS  
MELODY MORRISON  
CHARLES O'CONNELL  
BLANCHE PETERSON  
WILLIAM PORTER  
LESTER SONSTROM  
ELNO SMITH  
PAUL SWEENEY

GENEVIEVE WILSON  
MARY PARADIS



WARREN GRAY, (Poleon), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.

Football (4) Basket Ball (3) Pres. of Class (3) Student Council (2) Business Mgr. Year Book (3) Minstrel Show (3) Pageant (1) Leader Year Book Contest (2).

"I am struck dumb at the depth of my own thought, and stunned by the soundness of my own logic".

HAZEL MILLS, (Hay), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.

Glee Club (1) (2) (2) Pageant (2) Athletic Association (1) (2) (3).

"I have of late lost all my mirth".

ROBERT FLUCK, (Huck), Grant Park. Two years in M. H. S.

Basket Ball (1) (2) Baseball (1) (2) Class President, Grant Park (2).

"I'm not in the role of common men".

LEILA HARMS, (George), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.

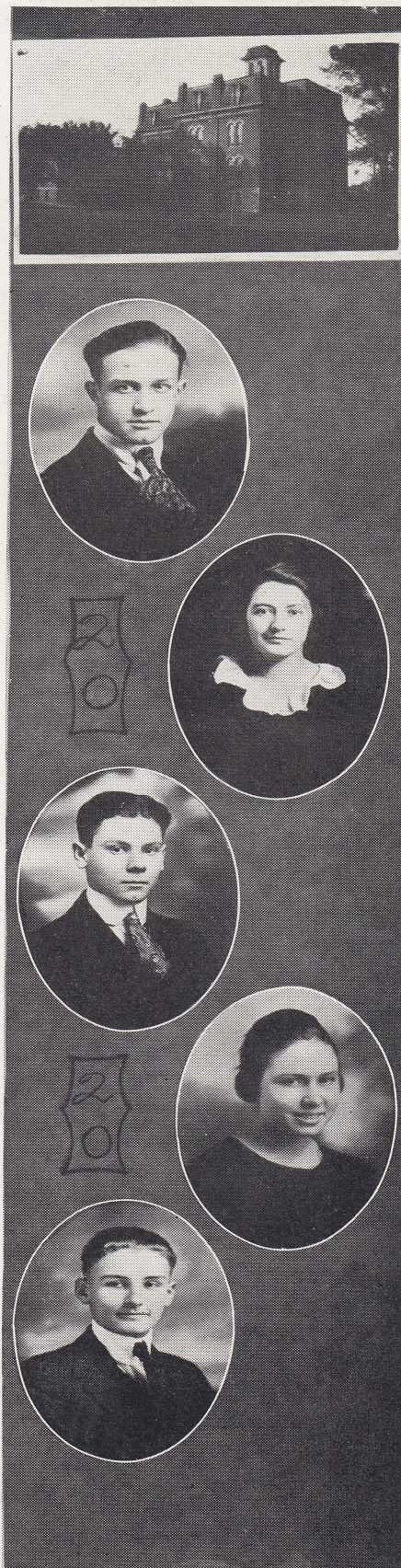
Athletic Assoc. Treas. (2) Assistant Business Manager Year Book (3)

"Wipe off that grin!"

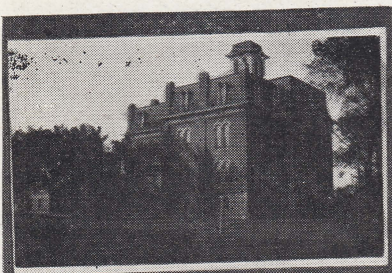
WILLIAM PORTER, (Snake), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.

Football (2) (4) Basketball (4) Class Treasurer (4) Cartoonist Year Book (3) Lecture Course Management (4).

"Good looks run in our family, but they ran clear past me".







RUBY BRIGHT, (Bright), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.

Glee Club (1) (2) Pageant (2) Class Stunt (3) Alumni Editor Year Book (3) Lecture Course Management (4).

"My actions do not belie my name".

PAUL SWEENEY, (Pat), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.

Class Stunt (2) Music Class (2) High School Play (3) Athletic Association (2) Basket Ball (3).

"I hear a hollow sound, who rapped my skull"?

CLARA BYDALEK, (Clarie), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.

Pageant (2) Music Class (2) Athletic Association (3).

"And e'en her failings lean to virtue's side".

CHARLES O'CONNELL, (Stubbs), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.

Football (4) Athletic Association (4).

"Life is short, and so am I."

BLANCHE PETERSON, (Blit), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.

Athletic Association (2) Class Sec'y and Treas. (3) Pageant (2) Music Class (2) Treas. Year Book (3).

"I know a maiden fair to see,  
She can both false and friendly be".



LON KELLER, Momence. Two years in M. H. S.

Football (3) (4) Athletic Assoc. (4).

"Do others before they do you."

PEARLE DELIERE, (Pickles), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.

Athletic Association (1) (2) Music (2) Pageant (2).

"She would laugh at the wagging of a straw."

LESTER SANSTROM, (Jay), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4).

"It is a great plague to be a handsome man."

GENEVIEVE WILSON, (Gen.), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.

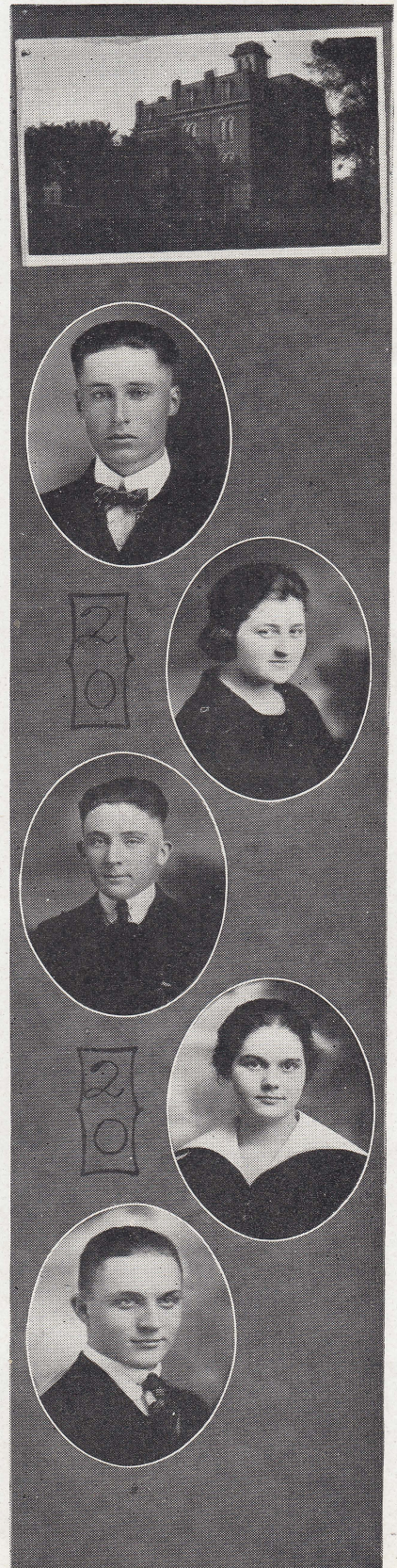
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) Historian Pageant (2) Glee Club (1) Vice-Pres. (1) Pres. (2) Tennis Club. Class Prophetess (3) Editor in Chief Year Book (3).

"She heard them but she heeded not, her soul was far away."

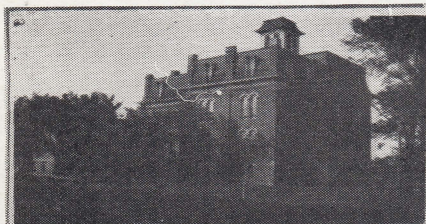
EDWIN GREEN, (Ed), Momence. One year in M. H. S.

Football (4) Mgr. Basket Ball Team (4) Athletic Association.

"If I am so great while yet a boy, what will I be when I am a man?"







MELODY MORRISON, (Mel), Grant Park. Two years in M. H. S.  
"A modest maid, and most retiring one."

EARL BARTLETT, (Bart), Grant Park. Two years in M. H. S.  
Athletic Association (3) (4).  
"I am sure care is an enemy to life".

HELEN FOX, (Nell), Momence. Four years in M. H. S.  
Class Vice-President (2), Glee Club (1) (2),  
Athletic Association (1), Class Stunt (1) (2), Snap Shot Editor Year Book (3).  
"The truest wisdom in a resolute determination."



MARY PARADIS, (Mary), Momence. One year in M. H. S.  
"Ambition is a spirit in the world that causes all the ebbs and flows of nations".

Freshmen are green  
Seniors are gray;  
'Tis just the green grass  
Turned into hay.



## *Senior Class Prophecy*

The word prophecy in its broadest sense means the foretelling of something which one thinks will happen. But this which I shall tell is related with the expectation that it will be fulfilled.

I can see myself, in the year 1960, accompanied by my friend Blanche Peterson, flying swiftly through the air in a beautiful aeroplane, equipped with all modern conveniences. It may as well be stated that Blanche has become a successful business woman. As we go soaring up among the clouds, glancing down upon the towns we pass, I can see these class-mates as they are sure to be.

As we neared our native town Momence, we stopped at a farm-house to obtain a refreshing drink. We were welcomed very cordially by a little black haired woman, whom we soon recognized to be Hazel Mills; she was now married to a very prosperous farmer.

From here we fly along the Kankakee river until we reach the Kankakee charitable institution; upon viewing this place and making inquiries, we soon learn that Albert Bydalek is the head physician and Melody Morrison is the head nurse.

Bidding farewell to this section of the country, we now fly to New York. We seek the nearest large building, which is a college, and at the entrance we met a very dignified lady whom we at once recognized as Genevieve Wilson, who has charge of the History classes. Upon leaving, we were confronted by a small newsboy very anxious to sell us a paper telling about the wonderful new pitcher for the New York Giants. We bought a paper and found this new pitcher to be none other than Lon Keller.

Then we start on a tour to Paris; we soon arrive at this beautiful city and stop at one of the largest hotels there. Upon entering the lobby I notice one familiar face; a man is sitting with his chin cupped in his hands, and a perplexed look upon his face. He looks up and it is our old friend Paul Sweeney; he says that he and Charlie are practicing law in Chicago, but were at present touring Europe for a short time resting from their honest labor. Also they were employing a former classmate, Clara Bydalek, as their private secretary.

Upon entering a large conservatory here in Paris we see a young woman seated at a piano pouring out her thoughts in a melodious strain; and who should it be but Pearle Deliere.

From Paris we fly to Italy, a country of beautiful scenery and sunshine. At length we reach a palace; we see a stately gentleman walking leisurely about the grounds; we get out of our machine and are most cordially welcomed by this gentleman, whom in a very few moments we know to be Elno Smith, who is now one of the greatest mathematicians of the age. He told us that Lester Sanstrom, who was a great orator, was at present living with him. Lester, he said, had fled from his home town after being severely jilted by a certain clergyman's daughter.

Just as our aeroplane was ascending we collided with one that was descending thus we were forced to land again to have a few words of explanation with the driver of the other machine. The driver was none other than Warren Gray and his companion Edwin Green. Warren had always been interested in aeroplanes, and now that he had one, was flying around seeing old friends. As for Edwin, he devotes his time to horse races.



We start next for the wilds of Africa; after a delightful ride we land in the midst of the Sahara Desert. In the distance I see a small building; going up to it, I see it is a church, and the minister of it is Earl Bartlett. From him I learn that Ruby Bright had come here as a missionary and won renowned success. The natives were held spell-bound by the rapidity and length of her speeches.

Being tired of this mode of travel in the foreign countries, we start again for America. Upon reaching New York, we stop at a dainty tea room, which is managed by Helen Fox. We learn from her that Wm. Porter and Robert Fluck are very successful agriculture experts.

The unusual variety of occupations and taste in our class as we have seen in our journey, shows that they are born geniuses; and though it may not be very evident now, they are merely waiting until they graduate until they show it.

### THEM GOOD OLD DAZE

How i long (once in a while) for them good old daze.

Them daze when there was moar fun for thirty cents than thare is now for seven dollars and a half.

Them daze when a man married 145 lbs. of woman, and less than 9 lbs (awl told) of anneything else.

Them daze when edekashun consisted in what men did well.

When deacons were as austere as hoss redish, and ministers preached to men's souls instead of their pockets.

When polytiks was the excepshun and honesty the rule.

Them daze when lap dogs want known and when brown bread and gravy made a good meal.

When a man who wasn't busy was watched, and when women spun yarn to knit stockings.

When now and then a gal baby was named Jerusha and a boy warnt rooned if he was named Jerrymier.

And ye who have the feathers and fuss of life, who have codfish of wealth without sense under yer nose, cum beneath this tree and long for the good old daze when men were afraid to be fools and wimmen were afraid to be flirts.

Henry Hinkumsnivy



## *Senior Will*

We, the Senior Class of 1920, of the Momence Community High School, village of Momence, County of Kankakee, State of Illinois, being of weak mind and short memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills, bequests and devises of whatever nature by us made.

1. To the Honorable faculty we bequeath the right to use any infernal machine of torture which disturbances in the West Room may call for.

2. To the Juniors we bequeath our many pleasures and few worries over the lecture course.

3. To the Sophomores we bequeath the right to play hookey and get three or more in deportment.

4. To the Freshmen we give the right to do unto others as you were done by.

5. To the Subs we give our dignified actions and solemn attention to business.

6. To Mildred Feddie we give free access to the D.S. Room so she may have Cookie any time.

7. To Clarice Lamport we bequeath the use of the Senior Hall Mirror undisturbed and free of charge.

8. Bill Porter gives Margaret Hobart his unequalled gracefulness that she may soon become famous as a dancer.

9. To Lloyd Eyler we give Ed. Green's wild and wooly Western nature.

10. To any luckless unfortunate Junior we bequeath Elno Smith's trials and tribulations while governing the Senior Class.

11. To Walter Scott we bequeath Paul Sweeney's typewriting prowess.

12. To Ikey Hardy we bequeath great popularity with the next year's Freshmen girls.

Once a Freshman was wrecked on an African coast,  
Where a cannibal monarch held sway;  
And they served up the Freshman in slices on toast,  
On the eve of that very same day.

But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,  
And before the next moon was seen,  
By cholera morbus that tribe was attacked,  
For that Freshman was dreadfully green.



NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE	AMBITION
Wm. P.	Bill	K3	Farmer
E. Smith	Hunko	L. W.	Man of Leisure.
G. Wilson	Gen.	Jay	Simple Life.
P. Deliere	Frenchy	Pete	Mrs. Swift
L. Sonstrom	Jay	Up North	Hubby
W. Gray	Dreamy	Illini Violet	None
P. Sweeney	Swince	Same as Jay's	Ladies' man
C. O'Connell	Stubbs	Ruth	Aeroplane driver
M. Morrison	Dixie	C. & E. I.	Home rule
E. Green	Ed	Lu J.	Be a big leaguer
B. Peterson	Pete	Anybody	Married
R. Bright	Rube	Same as above	Social demon
H. Fox	Nell	Teachers	Teacher
E. Bartlett	Bart	Sleep	Workless life
L. Keller	Krazy-kat	Physics	Athlete
C. Bydalek	Clarie	Bill H.	Cook
L. Harms	George	Miss P.	Dressmaker
H. Mills	Hay	Tall man	To graduate
R. Fluck	Huck	Grant P.	Retired farmer
M. Paradis	Mary	L. G.	Suffragette



# JUNIOR







MARGARET HOBART. Margaret tries to corral all the high grades in school, but still finds time to tamper with the hearts of some of our frenzied youths. She is highly successful in both lines. Also Business Manager of this famous book.

COLORS: Oriental Blue and Gold

FLOWER: Blue and Gold Pansy

MOTTO: Crescat Scientia—May Knowledge Increase

#### OFFICERS

President	..	..	..	MARGARET HOBART
Vice-President	..	..	..	RUBY ROSS
Secretary-Treasurer	..	..	..	MILDRED FEDDE
Historian	..	..	..	ALMA HALL
Student Council	..	..	..	LILA KENNEDY

#### CLASS ROLL

ARCHIE AULT  
RUTH BENJAMIN  
DELLA BROWN  
ALBERT BYDALEK  
LEROY CLAWSON  
ATHERTON COOKE  
BERNICE DAVIS  
HAZEL FARMER  
MILDRED FEDDE  
LEILA GIBSON  
JESSIE GREENAWALT  
ALMA HALL  
EARNEST HARDY

MARGARET HOBART  
ALBERT HUNTE  
HARRY HUNTE  
THEODORE JOHNSON  
LILA KENNEDY  
MARIE KINNEY  
LAURA MARTIN  
LULA MEINZER  
RUBY ROSS  
WALTER SCOTT  
GLADYS STEARMAN  
GENOLA WALKER  
LORAIN WILTSE



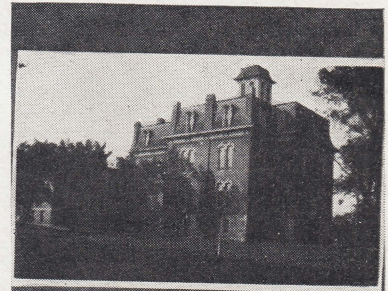
LILA KENNEDY. Lila is blessed, as but few folks are, with the ability to do anything to which they set their hands. Added to determination, this ability has no limit of achievement.

ATHERTON COOKE. When "Cooke" was born everybody said, "He ain't much", but thus far he seems to have worried along on three squares and a package of Lucky Strikes per day. By increasing his allotment he may arrive some day.

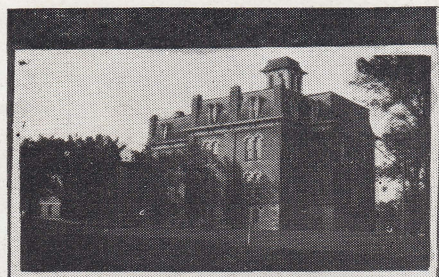
GENOLA WALKER. Genola is "up in the air" most of the time by virtue of her height, and goes higher still when someone mentions her in connection with Windy Wilson. Says what she thinks and believes what she says.

LEROY CLAWSON. Leroy is another one of those rare birds who are long on deportment; how some people can pull the wool over their teacher's eyes!

RUTH BENJAMIN. Ruth is somewhat "hammered down" but she has a lot of pep and manages to get there just the same. Notice that ever-present grin.







**RUBY ROSS.** Ruby is one of a very few who can say 450 words per minute and still be understood; no man would ever stand a chance against that, so it looks like she will be a leader in woman suffrage.

**ERNEST HARDY.** "Ikey" can rush around madly and still do less than anybody in school, which is an art—if you don't believe it, ask "Ikey" himself. Gets stepped on often, but usually comes up smiling.

**MARIE KINNEY.** Marie is one of the seven wonders of the world, for she has never been known to miss a lesson, skip a class, or get less than a "I" in deportment.

**ALBERT BYDALEK.** Albert almost ranked a Senior this year, so we don't dast say anything mean about him, what with him being so dignified and everything.

**ALMA HALL.** Anyone so desiring can always be sure of the interest and sympathy of this young lady, especially if that someone be a male. Is taking an extension course at the Bijou in addition to regular work.



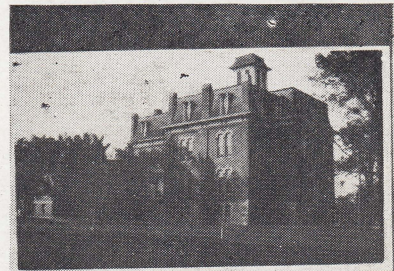
HAZEL FARMER. Hazel applies herself zealously and impartially to all her studies, and none has yet been found that she dislikes. We think such a person has a wonderful future.

LULA MEINZER. Lula's calm and unruffled appearance deceives even the teachers, who think she is such a good little girl. Does not let her studies interfere with her high school education.

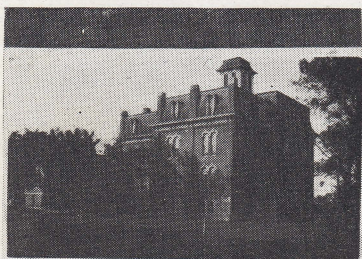
ARCHIE AULT. Archie is a handsome little cuss, but far too bashful; with Archie's good looks, Atherton Cooke would have Doug Fairbanks looking for a job inside of a week. He studies some.

LAURA MARTIN. Laura indignantly denies that she is still taking Mellen's Baby Food, but looks are often deceiving. But then, all people were not made equal either in size and intellect, and that's her consolation.

LORAIN WILTSE. When a Junior's interest wanders to Senior ranks there must be a reason; or perhaps the interest was attracted from the other direction. Loraine is our society girl, our one real and genuine representative.







**BERNICE DAVIS.** Bernice is one of the few M. H. S. girls who believe that Leap Year is worth while. Spends most of her spare time at the Bijou, storing up the intellectual energy dispensed therefrom ably assisted by various and sundry males.

**THEODORE JOHNSON.** "Cotton" is one of the foremost lady-fussers in M. H. S., due probably to his splendid ability to blush when a maiden speaks to him. Says six studies are running him ragged.

**JESSIE GREENAWALT.** Jessie is a most capable girl and shows results of growth both in mind and body. With her disposition, even Miss Beardslee would be popular.

**WALTER SCOTT.** Walter may be all right and he may be honest, but he certainly looks crooked. There are only two "hard guys" in M. H. S. and Sir Walter is both of 'em. Strong (?) for study and Miss Beardslee.

**DELLA BROWN.** Della comes pretty near being the "Sphinx" for which this book is named, but she has a lot of fun on Exemption days while some of her gabby friends are taking their exams.



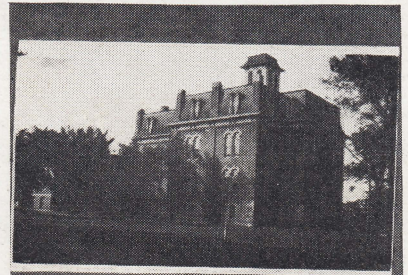
**GLADYS STEARMAN.** Gladys maintains a permanently tired look which seems to gain results from sympathetic teachers. She is considerable wise for her years and believes it herself.

**ALBERT HUNTE.** This bird has more lead in his feet than a twelve pound shot. Something made his hair rust too, but it wasn't study. One of our best athletes in spite of it all, for a football or basketball just naturally seem to gravitate toward him.

**LEILA GIBSON.** Leila is one of the best all-around gigglers in school, which is saying a forkful. She can do many other things equally well, however, which shows efficiency.

**HARRY HUNTE.** Harry seems to be the most modest little fellow one could imagine, but some folks know he's a regular devil away from his own home town. Carries matches, plays pool, rides bicycles, 'neverthing.

**MILDRED FEDDE.** Mildred is one of the few bright and shining lights of the Juniors, even of the whole high school. Strong on knowledge of all sorts and famous for her aversion to such nuisances as boys.





## *Junior Class Prophecy*

Grandpa Cooke's Story.

"Oh, look what I've found! An old album! Why it's Grandpa Cooke's. Come on, let's go tell him to tell us who and what these funny looking girls and boys are".

Off they went, and poor Grandpa was roused from his dozing in a very uncere-  
monious fashion.

"Well, for Pete's sake, what do you call this, you hoydens? Sixteen year old girls like you should be in bed. It's nine o'clock. The idea! What are things coming to? Why, when I was in High School—

"That's just what we want to know"! interrupted the two "hoydens". "We've just found your old photograph album with pictures of your class mates in it and we'd like to know the history of those "angelic personages". Come now, Grandpa—let's hear it. Who is this innocent looking young male, with the baby stare, and what happened to him"?

"That? Well, well, that's my good friend, Sir Walter Scott. He made a tremendous hit on the stage, playing various parts. He pulled the curtain, played the victrola, and at last became the villain, playing that part to perfection. Oh, lolly! He was a villain of the deepest dye. His leading lady was Miss Ruthena Benjamin, the imposing vampire. She is this girl here, the one with her nose in the center of her face. Do you know which one that is? Sure"!

"Well, who is this girl here, the one with all the hair at the side—looks like ear-muffs".

"That is Marie Kinney. She was the gym teacher in the old H. S. after finishing school, and then she shocked the whole town by eloping with the superintendent, Harry Hunte. He's that fellow there with the decided flaxen pompadour".

"How romantic! And who is this girl with the eyes? Two of 'em".

"Why, that's Lulu Meinzer, an old girl of mine. She went to India to convert the heathens and came back a Princess, the Princess de la Huppino".

"Oh, gorgeous! Who is this athletic looking girl, and what did she do to become famous"?

"That's Della Brown. She was the noted French milliner on Fifth Avenue. Very chic shop, n'everything".

"Look at this fellow with the bold smile on his face. Why he's looking right at me! Oh Grandpa, who is he"?

"You mean Leroy Clawson? He always did make a hit with the ladies. He had quite a career, was married seven times. He always picked a girl from the "Follies". His last was Gladys Stearman, the girl here who appears to be counting the stars. He completely beat Theodore Johnson's time, who was in hot pursuit of the fair damsel. Theo, or rather "Cotton", is this gentleman of the sort of blondish hair. He was heart broken, and work alone would console him, so he buried himself in invention and at last came out in triumph, having invented the "invisible button holes". You should have seen the girls fall for him. He wooed and won my classmate, Miss Ruby Ross, the famous elocutionist. She is this girl, the one with the coquettish mouth".

"Perfectly charming story, Grandpa, tell us some more. Who is this sober-faced gink, glancing so expectantly at the girl with all the curls"?

"How singular! They later decided to waltz thru life together. That is Attorney Archie Ault and Miss Leila M. Gibson, the prima donna, of Dwight. Don't tell anyone, but Archibald had the reputation of being the crookedest



lawyer on the globe. Well, anyway, he had a reputation and that's quite a lot to say".

"Oh, looka here, just look at this pious looking chap. Such a serious expression. He looks like an angel"!

"Well, if it ain't my old side-kick, Fred Wiltse, now the Reverend Frederick Peter Wiltse, a very inspiring minister, and he delivers very profound sermons. I must take you girls to hear him. It would just do you good to see him".

"Oh—how de-light-ful. Well, changing the subject, could you tell me who this girl is—the blonde"?

"That's Bernice Davis. She finished High and then one day she announced her marriage to Jonothan Anstrom. It was a charming little romance".

"And this decided brunette here, with a few freckles, is Loraine Wiltse, my cousin. She started to go to India with Lulu, but got no farther than Grant Park. She is still there, that is, her home is".

"Who's the boy here, that looks so happy"?

"That's Albert Hunte, the once noted orator. He remained unmarried, preferring single and solitary bliss. He had lots of hard times remaining in that condition during leap years tho. Finally he got so he led a hermit life, to keep away from the "wild, wild women".

"The next girl here, is Mildred Fedde. She used to be my "sweet patootie". She and Genola Walker went west on a ranch, where they rode wildy around the country shooting coyotes. It was a wild life all right.

"Next is Jessie Greenawalt, here, the one that is grinning. She was a regular man hater. She was elected to the school board of Momence, being the only lady member. She used to slam the poor men every chance she got. High School boys sent to her got no mercy.

"Margaret Hobart is this girl here with the wicked look in her eye. Don't you recognize the name, kiddies? You ought to, because, why children, she is your Grandma Cooke".

"Sure we know all about her, but who is this girl with the big brown eyes"?

"That's Laura Martin, small, but—she made her mark. She is president of the "Hazel Nut Factory" in Momence. And here is Lila Kennedy, this, with the "Castle Bob". She was a snake dancer at the Orpheum. Oh boy! she sure could dance".

"Hazel Farmer, here, this last girl surprised us all by choosing school teaching as a life vocation. As far as I know she is still teaching. Very fond of it.

"And last but not least, Isaac Ernest Hardy went to the famous state of Utah where he became a Mormon. The last I heard from him he said he was coming to see me and bring some of his wives.

"So this is the end of the finish of my class history, children. Not such slow class, after all, is it? Eh?"



## *Our Country*

Blue are her skies and bright,  
Fair are her fields today,  
Hearts here with joy are light,  
Happy our children play.  
Fathers and mothers smile  
After their tasks are done;  
Here gleams for mile on mile,  
Grain in the golden sun.  
Here gentle stars above  
Look down on peaceful scenes,  
Here is a land to love,  
This is what freedom means.

Streams that are pure and clean,  
Orchards now come to fruit,  
Land where no work is seen  
Born of the brawn of brute.  
Firesides with love aglow,  
Homes that with laughter ring,  
These are the joys we know,  
These are the charms I sing.  
Land of men's honest toil,  
Land where no shell careens,  
Staining with blood the soil,  
This is what freedom means.

Land of man's love for man,  
Home of the brave and true,  
Land where the humblest can,  
His way, his goal pursue.  
Land where to God we pray  
Not for the strength to fight,  
But to be shown the way  
Ever to keep the right.  
This we are boasting of,  
These are the joys we know,  
This is the land we love,  
Our task is to keep it so.

—Edgar A. Guest.





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## Sophomores

MOTTO: The elevator to success is not running—Take the stairs.

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

FLOWERS: Purple Violets

### CLASS OFFICERS

President	.	.	.	.	.	ORIN HERTZ
Vice-President	.	.	.	.	.	GEORGE BLAKE
Secretary-Treasurer	.	.	.	.	.	HELEN NICHOLS
Historian	.	.	.	.	.	LEOTA SMITH

### ROLL

FRED BRASSARD  
FLORENCE DEMACK  
FLORENCE CHRISTJANSEN  
RUTH CHATFIELD  
EARL CHAMBERLAIN  
HENRIETTA HARNEY  
JENNIE HARMS  
MARY HARLAN  
GLADYS HARDY  
ORIN HERTZ  
ARTHUR HUPP  
ELVA JONES

ALBERT KELSON  
WESLEY LANGDOC  
FRED METCALF  
LUCILLE MILLS  
MABEL MILLS  
IRENE MULROONEY  
HELEN NICHOLS  
JENNIE PEDERSON  
ELIZABETH POPEJOY  
HOWARD SHARKEY  
MABEL SHARKEY  
LEOTA SMITH

FRED WILTSE

Never tell a woman you are unworthy of her; she knows that already”.



## *The Fate of '22*

Oh, what made my head throb so, and made me feel so queer, as if I had no strength at all? I tried to speak, but someone gently said:

"There, there, dear", in the kindest voice imaginable. I opened my eyes to find a white-capped nurse standing by my bedside. It was then that I received the shock of my life, for who should it be but our little geometry star, Jennie Pederson! We recognized each other at once, and she called out: "Doctor, come here, for this is one of our old class-mates". And the Doctor who came was none other than Orin Hertz, whom we all expected to become a farmer.

When I was a sophomore, I always said there were three things to live for: a college education, a long visit to Hawaii and an aeroplane. After much hard work I got all three, and it was a fall in my aeroplane which put me in the hospital. The accident did not prove to be serious, so I soon began to improve.

Jennie and I had many long talks, and during one of these she told me that Florence Christjansen held a responsible position in the First National Bank of Chicago, and that Elva Jones, much to the surprise of all, had become an accomplished piano player.

Orin told me that Earl Chamberlain was the most scientific farmer in Illinois, and that Fred Metcalf owned the largest water-melon ranch in the United States.

I soon recovered and went home, but having been absent for five years, hardly knew the place. Five large factories could be seen on the outskirts of the city; a very large new high school had been built, though the other was still standing. I visited my old alma mater and found Florence Demack teaching Domestic Science, and Albert Kelson instructor in Agriculture. I also learned that Ruth Chatfield was chief accountant for a noted broker in Los Angeles; Elizabeth Popejoy was leading lady in a popular play entitled "Our Fate"; Helen Michols had become a famous toe dancer, while Henrietta Harney was taming wild bronchos and rattlesnakes on a ranch in Wyoming. Jennie Harms, our model flirt, was engaged to a handsome young millionaire, who to her great delight believed in dancing. Albert Hyrup owned the largest Dixie Highway Garage along the trail; Howard Sharkey had lost much of his bashfulness, and had become rich selling Fords.

I went up to Chicago and while there visited the Art Museum; as I was gazing at a picture, a voice startled me by asking me how I liked it. Turning I beheld Irene Mulrooney, who by that time had become a wonderful portrait painter. She told me that Fred Brassard owned the largest sugar refinery in the world. We had to part soon, and as I stepped out into the street, I heard newsboys shouting "Extra, and buying a paper, saw the headlines CHADWICK MURDER SOLVED. As I read on, I learned that Arthur Hupp had developed into a great criminal lawyer. On another page Mabel Sharkey was headlined as the leader of a woman suffrage campaign. On the sporting page, Lucille de Mills was announced as having broken the world's record in skiing for women.

I soon started back to Hawaii, this time by steamship. In the stateroom next mine, I found Mary Harlan, who was making an astronomical trip. I also found Mabel Mills, who had become a great actress, now starting a European tour. She told me that Gladys Hardy had become a famous short story writer.

And then I discovered that I had learned the fate of all of my old classmates, than which no brighter class has ever been found.





GREENAWALT PITMAN LAMPORT SCHAFER RICE  
COFFEE LUNDSTRUM LAROCHE GIBSON LANGDOC

## *Sub-Sophomore Prophecy*

In a little Italian Garden sat Harriet Pitman, president of the Subs, and a friend, a noted authoress, who were touring Europe. They sat there on a rustic bench humming a little tune and wondering why "they" don't come. They had heard from one of their old friends, Edith Gibson, that all the Subs were not far away, so they at once decided to have a class reunion.

Edith arrived soon, however, and they talked and talked. Harriet, who had become a great musician, then played some of her compositions. Edith mixed in a few Latin words in her conversation, as she was now teaching that subject in Northwestern University. Clarice Lamport, who had become a great and famous singer, now travelling for her health, then came in, having run down from Switzerland.

Professor Langdoc, also of Northwestern, author of "Langdoc's Natural History, came with his field glasses. He had written his history to aid poor high school student in their Zoology, though I really cannot say how much help it has been to them. Mildred Rice and Florence Greenawalt, alias Phyllis Wells and Lois Allums, the great Shakespearian actresses, came hurriedly in; then an inventor, a second Edison, Clyde Coffel. He was world famous, but still blushed furiously and grew embarrassed at the slightest attention.

Etha Shaffer, the well-known elocutionist, better known as Cynthia Robbins to the public, came with her maid Louise. It made the other girls angry to think they had not brought their maids too. Helen Lundstrum, touring Europe with her husband, came in her coupe.

Thus the noble Subs have become noted; it really makes quite a good short story, doesn't it? It is a story, but a story of real people, told you in the pleasing (?) manner of the authoress of great renown, as you can readily see—Elizabeth La Roche, the class historian.



## *The Need of Education*

There are seventy-five million people in the United States out of school today; of this number only one fifth, or fifteen million, have ever been to a High School, and less than one third, or twenty-five million, have completed grade school work. And yet the people of this country pride themselves that they are the most intelligent nation in the world! What pity and sympathy, then, should there be for the other nations!

What means this wholesale ignorance? Is it the fault of the school, or the individual? And the answer must be: the individual; for the schools are here, but where is that boasted determination and inclination which has carried our country's leaders through every obstacle conceivable to the highest honors of office and letters? These characteristics are lacking to the majority of our young people today, and each successive generation will lack more and more, unless a reverse tendency is soon formed.

Let us be up, then, and doing; and instead of dropping school at the end of sixth, seventh or eighth grades in order to take advantage of that miserable bit of a job, go on through high school; and not content with that, make a complete job of it by going on through some college. For the ambitious man or woman is not content with the narrow scope which a common school or a high school can give him or her, but is ever desirous of the broader and wider view of life which a college education affords. They say that life used to be a battle; but it can never compare with life today; and the victor is he who goes forth to meet the problems and complexities of life, rather than waiting for them to come to him. Let us be successes, not failures.





FRESHMEN



## *Freshmen*

### CLASS OFFICERS

President	ADOLPH BYDALEK
Vice-President	JOHN ANSTROM
Secretary-Treasurer	DOLLIE THERIEN
Historian	KATHERINE JACOBSEN

### ROLL

HELEN ABBOTT  
 JOHN ANSTROM  
 CHARLOTTE ASTLE  
 CLYDE BISHOP  
 JOHN BUTTERFIELD  
 VIOLA BURNS  
 HOWARD BURNS  
 MAGDALEN BYDALEK  
 FRED BYDALEK  
 ADOLPH BYDALEK  
 CLYDE CANTWAY  
 CLARA DEMENT  
 GLADYS DUMONTELLE  
 MILDRED EILERS  
 LLOYD EILERS  
 PAULINE ELSTON  
 MABEL FOX  
 EDMUND FRANKLIN  
 GLADYS GAGNON  
 MERLE GARDNER  
 HAROLD GARDNER  
 WILMETTE GREEN  
 OPAL GOLDING  
 EDMUND HESS

ALBERT HYRUP  
 LEILA INSLEE  
 KATHERINE JACOBSEN  
 HILMA JOHNSON  
 THEODORE JOHNSON  
 LULA JONES  
 BARBARA KING  
 HERMAN KRONE  
 ELIZABETH LA ROCHE  
 MARIE LOGAN  
 RAYMOND MARTIN  
 EDITH METCALF  
 ROBERT MONTAGUE  
 ESTHER NELSON  
 HENRY NOVAK  
 EDWARD O'CONNEL  
 ANDREW PETERSON  
 ANNA PINSAK  
 ALBERT PONTON  
 DOROTHY SMITH  
 JANET SMITH  
 MARJORIE SHARP  
 DOLLIE THERIEN  
 THERESA WHEELER

Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own.







## *Freshmen Prophecy*

While I was travelling in Europe, I received a message stating that there would be an Alumni Banquet in about another month. As I had not seen any of my old class-mates since graduation, I decided to attend.

I arrived in Momence about a week before the banquet and stayed at the home of my friend, Lula Jones, who was an opera singer in New York, now home for the banquet. I learned from her that Marjorie Sharp and Gladys Gagnon were a couple of vamps on the stage, and that they could not be on hand for the banquet.

We did not hear of our other class-mates until the very night of the banquet; the first ones we met were Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Johnson, the latter formerly being Pauline Elston. They lived on a farm north of Momence. Henry Novack was running a peanut stand in Chicago, with the aid of Opal Golding. Dorothy Smith was superintendent of an Orphan's Home; her sister, Janet ran a large hat shop in Hopkins Park. Andrew Peterson, to the disappointment of some of the old maids, could not come, but we learned that he was an electrician in Kankakee.

John Butterfield and Herman Krone were partners in a bakery shop; they were well suited for this, for they did not have to bend over to look into the ovens. Adolph Bydalek and Albert Ponton were running a chicken farm, probably on account of their great love for chickens. Howard Burns was on a milk route between Momence and Kankakee. Wilmette Green was a dancing instructor, but still fought shy of the ladies. Viola Burns was a domestic science teacher in Kentland H. S., thereby beating some man out of a good cook.

Barbara King and Hilma Johnson were employed at Marshall Fields in Chicago, Barbara a model and Hilma a dressmaker. Robert Montague had a grocery store, and still ate more than he sold. Gladys Du Montelle and Lloyd Eilers were in a circus, Gladys being the fat lady and Lloyd the dwarf; it was a rumor that they were to be married.

Charlotte Astle was a music teacher in Chicago. Leila Inslee was the bride of Edmund Hess and they were living in Italy as millionaires; Edward O'Connel was their chauffeur. Theresa Wheeler was the widow of a hotel man in New York, and Raymond Martin, the new owner of the daylight corner store in Momence, was courting her in order to get free board. Mabel Fox had beaten one of the Junior girl's time and was married to John Anstrom; the Junior girl had sued John for breach of promise, however, and so they were almost broke.

Edith Metcalf was still going to school, along with Clyde Wilson, still hoping to become a school teacher. Clyde Cantway was a detective and smoked long black cigars and had a long mustache. Esther Nelson was a militant suffragette who smoked cigarettes like a man. Stewart Hill was fireman on the C. & E. I. from Chicago to Hopkins Park; he liked this run because his friend Magdalen Bydalek worked there in a candy factory.

Harold Gardner was a clown traveling with the Barnum and Bailey Circus. Anna Pinsak was working in a large pin-factory, for which of course, she was well fitted. Edmund Franklin was a comedian in a Mutt and Jeff comedy; his low-brow stuff was very popular. Merle Gardner was one of Mack Sennett's bathing girl beauties.

Fred Bydalek was owner of a clothing store in Chicago. Mildred Eilers was a waitress in La Salle Hotel; she had a famous vocabulary of slang, learned from the Seniors at M. H. S. which all the newspapers were trying to have her print. Clyde Bishop was a superintendent of one of Momence's three large high schools and says he hopes to live long enough to see Edith graduate. Julie Paradis was one of the Ziegfeld follies' girls, her yearning for a career having been at last satisfied.

And now my list is complete; I have learned the whereabouts of all my old class-mates, and I can now go on my way contented, rejoicing in their good fortune.

K. J.





## *Sub-Freshmen*

### CLASS ROLL

BERTHA BYDALEK  
GRACE HARDY  
HALLIE KENNEDY  
LOLITA MUNDEN  
CULVER PARADIS  
MARIE RENSTROM  
JOSEPHINE WENNERHOLM

EARL CLAWSON  
BUELAH HOPKINS  
ELVA LANGDOC  
ESTHER PAGE  
HARRY PARK  
MAXWELL WARD  
ALANSON WEST



## *Sub-Freshman*

Indianapolis, Ind.  
March 3, 1932

Dear Schoolmate Bertha:

It has been a long time since I have heard from you; just think, twelve years since we were Sub-Freshmen. But I was very glad to learn that you have become an accomplished pianist and hope to go into Lyceum Course work.

I had just finished my course in nurse training in Wesley Hospital, Chicago, when I was called out on a case for a Mrs. Pullman's little girl, and to my utter surprise it was Lolita Munden. Her maid is Elva Langdoc, who is expecting to get married to a policeman who spends most of his time around Lolita's mansion, pretending to watch for burglars, but in reality keeping other policemen away from Elva.

I met Earl Clawson in New York City; he has become something of a poet, with long black hair to his shoulders, and large round tortoise shell glasses. He told me that Grace Hardy owned a large orange plantation in California and sells her fruit annually to Sears and Roebuck. Alanson West is manager, and press-agent for Grace, and secretly has designs upon her heart and chiefly her orange grove.

I chanced to meet Josephine Wennerholm just as she was boarding a train for Jacksonville, Florida, for her health; she still lives in Momence and is married to a wealthy farmer who is in the State Legislature. I noticed she had an attendant who was busy with her numerous articles of baggage, who proved to be none other than Harry Parks.

Buelah Hopkins owns a large cat ranch in Utah, and is one of the numerous wives of a wealthy mormon there; you remember we always expected great things of her.

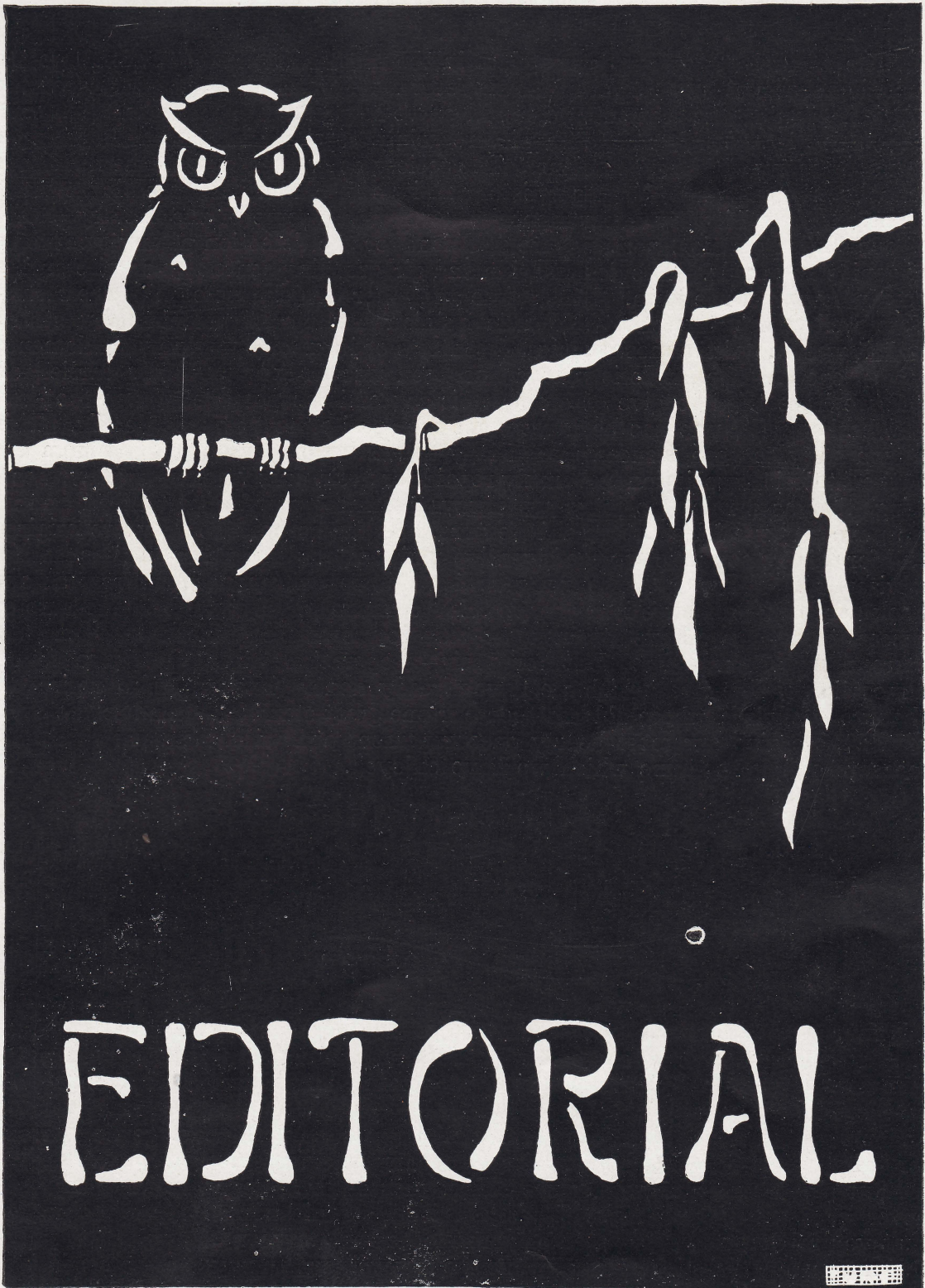
Marie Renstrom Paradis lives in Chicago; I paid her a visit last summer, but did not have the pleasure of seeing her husband, Culver, who was busy at his candy factory; he was always so fond of candy, as you probably recall. During my stay there, I dropped into a theatre to see my favorite screen artist, Maxwell Ward; such a handsome, manly young fellow, and what a way he does have with women! Do you suppose he learned that at M. H. S?

Well, I must get some supper now for my husband who will be home shortly; he is in a tedious business—making spots for hobby-horses—and is so hungry when meals come. So you will pardon me if I close now. Let me hear from you.

Your school pal,

Hallie Kennedy







## *The Annual*

The Annual fills an important place in the life of the school. In it all go the most important events, and in it also are recorded all those little intimate snatches of, "Life behind the scenes" which will prove so precious in after life. In each page there is a story, and each picture brings to the mind hundreds of other scenes at many different occasions. The society column tells of all the numerous school affairs each of which has a history all its own, and not included in the news items. In our Literary department we have placed some of the literary efforts of our students which, perhaps, are sufficient for the detection of any symptoms of genius among us. The declamation and girls reading contest was quite an important event of the term. Much time and labor was exhausted, but the results were well worth the efforts. Public opinion has almost unanimously stated that it was one of the most successful contests of its nature held in the Momence High School. The Athletic season has been unusually successfully carried on and we have tried to give as exact a history of it as possible. Each foot-ball and basket-ball game has been recorded even to its most minute details. This season has also been a success financially as well as otherwise and the members of the Athletic Association feel amply repaid for their conscientious work. Realizing, that as a rule, the jokes are always the most popular part of an annual we have put special effort on this feature. As far as possible they are original and for this we owe much to the inventive genius of our joke editor and the faculty advisor, Mr. Miller. These things which I have written above, represent our book as we wish to have it and have tried to make it. But for that measure of success to which we have attained, we wish to thank the Student Body and the surrounding Community. But for their co-operation we should have found almost impossible that which we have already done. The staff also desires to thank our advisor, whose aid has been our one great stand-by. And to the Staff of 1921, we give our most hearty encouragement and wish them the same full measure of good fortune which we have enjoyed.

## *Your Mother*

Your mother's life has not been easy; your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side, fighting as a woman must fight. She worked, not the eight hour day of the union, but the twenty-four hour day of the wife and mother. She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed until bed-time, and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening for croupy coughs.

But she found time to say the things that spurred your ambition on: she never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked; she did without what she needed that you might not be ashamed of your clothes before your fellows. Remember this now, while there is yet time, while she is yet living, to pay back to her in love and tenderness some of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all.



## *The Successful Man*

Starting out in life a young man finds that there are many paths before him open for travel. On every side he sees work crying for helping hands. About him stand advisors pointing toward what they deem the proper way for him to travel. His first work then, is to make up his mind just what his life work shall be. The task was once a hard one when the world was smaller and industry more restricted; but today, with wonderful opportunities on every hand, no young person need long hesitate in his choice.

But having chosen, he must make up his mind to forget the other hundred things he might have done, and devote his entire time and attention to those studies and tasks which are going to perfect his work, make him a leader in his field, and finally place the palm of victory in his grasp. At the very beginning the young man should remember that no success is a real success unless it carries with it happiness. But he must not forget that happiness does not consist of self-gratification nor of ease, nor of freedom of responsibility. Nor must he confuse happiness with pleasure; to many it is pleasant to lie in bed until eight o'clock in the morning, to pass the evenings in gay and mirthful company, and to dissipate precious energy by continual indulgence in late hours. But the way to success is a harder one than this, and no man has ever reached a high station in life, except by self-denial, earnest application, and hard work. The man who is truly on the road to success will find all the happiness he desires right in his work. In short, the law of life is action; living itself is action. And well-directed, earnest effort is bound to put anyone in tune with the world with but one result—true happiness.

Then, too, the beginner in the game of life must not forget that there are varying degrees of success. Success in business does not necessarily mean becoming a Schwab, a Field, or a Ford; a man may be a successful lawyer and never sit upon the Supreme Bench, while our successful merchants, manufacturers and professional men may be numbered by the thousands.

So, after all, success means nothing more nor less than doing the work you are suited for, to the best of your ability. It means getting fitted into your proper place in life's machinery, doing each day's work honestly, living cleanly and thriftily, and trying each day to improve upon that of the day before. And no matter what your natural ability may be, its real value can only be brought out by means of good, hard work. Every day we see men of only average ability passing their more brilliant brothers on the road, simply because they are blessed with the trait of application.

Let every beginner in life's race, then, throw into the work of his choice his whole-hearted strength, without worrying in the slightest because he is uncertain as to whether or not he is a genius. For he may be sure that if he has great talents, industry will improve them, and if but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Be alive, be patient, be honest, earnest, self-reliant, enthusiastic, and cheerful; work hard and faithfully no matter what your position, for nothing is denied well-directed effort, and patience and diligence, like faith, can remove mountains.



## *Chronicles of My School Days*

As I sit here at my desk and bring back the memories of my High School days, a rather queer feeling steals over me. Is it because I had such a good time then? Yes, certainly there is no happier period of our life than our school days; anybody who has tried their fortune in the world is aware of this fact. I was very lively at that time and was always getting myself or somebody else into trouble. There seems to be an incident which recalls my attention to every term of my four years of High School. Of course while I was a Freshman, I was more timid and did not dare to do such things as I did while a Senior. I will now attempt to tell you these four our-standing chronicles.

### *“Stung”*

Not very many children passed notes while I went to school, because any that were found had to be read in the presence of the whole room. However, a few other girls and I had a method of passing them so that the sharp-eyed teacher did not see us.

One day I wrote a note to Helen LaRock, on which I had written “stung”. I was mad at her for something—I don’t remember just what—so that was the reason that I had sent her such a peculiar word. After pinning the note on the toe of my shoe, I held out my foot for Helen to take it, but somehow the piece of paper slipped off and fell to the floor. The teacher saw it and immediately knew that I was the guilty person.

“Inda, who was that note for?” she asked.

“Helen LaRock”, I answered.

“Well”, said the teacher, “You know what the penalty is; I’ll have to read the note before the class”.

Everybody in the room was expecting to hear a long letter and was wondering what it could be about, for they knew that Helen and I were on unfriendly terms.

The teacher slowly unfolded the piece of paper and, much to the surprise of all, merely read, “stung”. She was very angry, because she thought that I had written it just to fool her. That night she made me stay after school and write, “I must not communicate”, five hundred times.

### *Chewing Gum*

One day a few of my friends and I decided that we were going to chew gum, no matter what the penalty would be. We each took so many sticks that our mouths were so full that we could hardly talk.

Of course the teacher saw me first and asked me what I had in my mouth.

“Nothing extra”, was my sarcastic answer.

“Now none of your impudence, Miss Ingillas”, said the teacher angrily. “You know you are chewing gum and there’s no use of your trying to deny it. Why, Helen and Nora, are you chewing gum too? I never thought that of you. I was not in the least surprised in Inda, for she is always doing something that she knows she isn’t supposed to do. Nevertheless you will all have to suffer the penalty”.



Just then the superintendent came in; for some time he and the teacher conversed together.

"Yes, I think that will be all right", said the superintendent in response to one of the teacher's whispers. "It will set a good example for the rest of the pupils".

Then broadening his shoulders and eyeing us three girls, he said: "I understand, that, Helen, Nora, and Inda, have been chewing gum. Ahem! Now, it is a rule of the school that no one shall chew gum, so they will have to be punished. Helen, Nora and Inda, come with me and bring your gum with you".

He walked us into the Study Room slowly and gravely—I am sure he had a delight in this formal parade of executing justice—and when we got there, he commanded each one of us to put the gum on her nose and stand in front of the students for ten minutes. You can imagine our feelings as we stood there in the presence of all those laughing people. Helen and Nora were crying as if their hearts would break, but I stood there as dignified as a minister. However, we were all very glad when the ten minutes had expired.

## *Playing "Hooky"*

"I think I'll flunk in Algebra. There's not much use of me going to school to take that exam. Honestly I just hate these exams at the end of the year", said Nora White to me one morning.

"Well, here too", I answered, "and I'm not going to school but am going to take a walk. Come on and go with me, Nora, you too, Dorothy".

After a little hesitation on the part of Dorothy we decided to follow the railroad track and go to Pipestone, a town about six miles away. We wanted to take something along to eat on the way, but not having any money, we had to charge our crackers, marshmallows and cookies, which we bought at the stores where we traded.

I don't think that I need to say much about the fun we had that day. We would walk a little way and then sit down and eat lunch or stop to pick some wild strawberries which grew along the track. About noon the train went past us. I saw a lady in the rear coach whom I thought looked like my mother. I said to my friends—"I could swear that was my mother in that car".

"Oh it couldn't have been", answered the girls.

"But it did look an awful lot like her—still she was washing when I left home this morning. No it couldn't have been her", I finally agreed.

We arrived at Pipestone at about two-thirty in the afternoon. A pretty sight we must have been after tramping in the hot sun all day without hats. We had not been in the town but a little while, when who should we meet but my mother. We told her that we had completed our examinations early so we had taken a walk. After a little pleading, she gave us enough money for our return fare on the train but as she did so, she said, "It would just treat you right to make you walk home but I don't suppose you would ever get home at the rate you go. I don't see whatever possessed you girls to walk this far".

We arrived home safely, but we had to take the Algebra examination after school the next night.



## *“Kick Me”*

I was very uneasy that morning and felt that I just could not rest until some mischief was done.

Anna Barker, one of those bashful Freshmen who hold their heads down all the time, sat in the front seat of the row in which I was sitting. After pondering for some time about what my mischief should be, I decided that I would pin a sign on Anna's back. I wrote "KICK ME" on a piece of paper in large letters; then as our class passed to the blackboard, I gently pinned it on the girl's back. Everyone began to laugh at poor Anna who stood there too green to see what was the matter. When she finally found that a bill was posted on her, she burst into tears. (That silly little Freshman!) The teacher asked each one of us separately if we knew anything about the trick but she received no answer in the affirmative. I guess she rather thought that I looked guilty so she made me remain after school.

"Are you sure you know nothing about that sign, Inda"? she asked. She had kept me until it was five o'clock but had received no satisfaction from me until now.

"Well, now maybe I do", I answered. (I was anxious to get home because I was going to a party.)

"Now, Inda", she said disgustedly, "How would you like to have this fastened on you"?

"Oh, I wouldn't care", I answered in an unconcerned manner.

After scolding me for some time, she decided that my punishment would be that I should apologize to Anna the next morning. Just as soon as school had begun the next day the teacher told the class that I had something to say to them. You can imagine my speech. It consisted of a few sarcastic remarks said in a soprano tone of voice—if I may express it as such. However, the teacher let it pass, but she said that anybody who did that trick again would be expelled from school.

Inda Ingillas

J. P.

## *The Poet of Pond Lilly*

Young Ephriam Golddust was a very romantic youth, possessed with a beautiful and poetic disposition. Taking a notebook and pencil, he would wander listlessly around the lawn of their home, and would finally terminate his walk by sitting down on the wood-pile in their back yard. He was the making of a genius! Truly, he was a wonder! As for looks, his mama and papa declared that he closely resembled a handsome Greek Adonis. He was long, lean, and his curly hair of flaxen was long like that of a real poet. It insisted upon parting in the middle, and Ephriam did not like this very well, but Mama Golddust soon persuaded him that it made him appear very distinguished and suited his "classical" brow to a "tee-totum". His eyes were of a rather peculiar color, a sort greenish yellow, fringed with lovely, white eye lashes. Mama also informed him that those eyes were not the eyes of the common horde—they showed that he had a different character than all the other people around "Pond Lily".

Pond Lily was the name of the place in which they lived. It was inhabited by about ninety-five people, who disliking the real name of the place, "Dilpickle Junction", had changed it to "Pond Lily" which pleased everyone immensely. It was true there was no pond in Pond Lily, but that made no difference, the name



sounded very unusual and unique. The best part of it all was that our young friend, Ephriam, was the one who thought of the name and christened the "city". He was only thirteen years old when he made himself famous by doing this. From then on he was held in esteem by the multitude. He always recited poetry at the "Ladies Aid Society", at the Church, and at any other time or place when called upon. Now, he was sixteen, and still as wonderful a genius as ever.

He had finished the eighth grade, but an advanced course was offered to those who wished to go farther with their education. It was called the ninth grade. There were about ten pupils in that division, and Ephriam was among the ten. He was considered the brightest student by the teacher, the "biggest catch" by the girls and a "good-for-nothing half-witted sissy" by the boys. In this sort of High School as it were, the course of study was very choice and select, simply for the reason that they could offer only what the teacher could teach. This year she was teaching Algebra, Rhetoric, Advanced Geography,

Ephriam was the star pupil in Public Speaking, and oh, how he did shine! Every Friday afternoon was devoted to recitations and orations, in which each pupil and the teacher all participated. Ephriam was always last on the program. (He preferred to come last partly so the rest of the pupils would be more at their ease if they did not know how much he was going to surpass them and partly because they would have something to look forward to.) He always recited poetry, and it was of his own originality, too. This was the result of his sitting on the wood pile staring dreamily into empty space. Each time he recited on something different. His supply was beginning to run low. He had recited on everything from "little fishes in the river", to the "preacher in the pulpit" and "the man in the moon". He must have something different! Something new and original! Next Friday was the biggest day in the history of that school year. As usual everyone was to give an oration, but their parents and relatives were invited to hear them. This included practically the whole town. Of course the mayor, constable and doctor would be there.

It was Wednesday now, and as yet Ephriam had had no inspiration. Desperately he thought, and thought, and then thought some more. Taking his tablet and pencil he roamed out to his old haunt, the wood pile, and stared religiously into empty space for a half-hour, but in vain. It was beginning to look like Ephriam Golddust was to have no poem. Everyone else had had their orations planned long ago, and had already committed them to memory.

Now, it happened that in this city of "Pond Lily" there bloomed a lily—a lily so pure and fair, that all the young swains of the place, (Ephriam was first and foremost) became sad and morose at her coldness, and their hearts were heavy, but when occasionally she deigned to smile pleasantly and coquettishly at them the world was once more full of sunshine, and Pond Lily was the most desirable place in the world to live in. "Her" name was Marguerite Marie Stoneface. However, none of the girls in the village could see anything attractive about her brown curly hair, or anything beautiful about her deep blue eyes. She was as poor as a church mouse, as proud and "stuck-up" as anyone could possibly be, and last but not least, (the girls would not admit this, but deep down in their hearts they knew it was true) she "lured" all the boys away from them. So really the girls could not be expected to like her. But they had to patiently bear their lot, for never, oh never, did they want the boys to know they were jealous of her. So, whenever the boys were around, the girls smiled sweetly and lovingly at Marguerite (or rather Maggie) which she returned rather indifferently, but when the boys were not around, oh what cuts and snubs she did get. These she ignored.

Ephriam of course admired her very much, in a "poetic" way. But what nettled him was that she showed absolutely no preference; she would just as soon



go with the least popular boy in the school as our handsome young poet. It was maddening to him! Here, he could go with any girl in town, in fact, they were all crazy to go with him, and then to be treated so indifferently by his "choice".

So, on this particular Wednesday afternoon while he was sitting on the wood pile, staring into empty space, instead of thinking of something for his poem, he was dreaming sweet dreams of Maggie Stoneface. Suddenly he had an inspiration! To-night there was to be the weekly moving picture show at the "Castle". The girls of Pond Lily had been in the habit of going to the show, and then when they came out the boys would meet them and take them home. Now, Ephriam's great inspiration was to "take" her to the show. Then a still greater inspiration came to him. He would ask her in poetry.

He opened his note book, thought hard for a few seconds, and then began:

"Maggie, your poet friend wants to know,  
If with him you will go  
To the motion picture show.  
It's going to be very good  
So put on your cape and hood.  
I will be at your gate  
When the clock strikes eight.  
So please don't be late".

Respectfully yours,

Ephriam B. Golddust

He read this masterpiece over several times, with a wide grin of satisfaction on his face. He took it over to her house and put it under the door-step, where she would be sure to see it as soon as she entered the house.

She did see it, blushed, smiled and then wrote a note of acceptance and sent it by her little brother to our young hero. He read it with great joy. It was only six-fifteen, but he started to "doll-up" anyway.

Mama Golddust was busy doing the evening dishes, when suddenly,

"Ma, where's my shirt"?

"Which one, darling"?

"My green one with the pink stripes".

"Just a minute, babe, I'll get it".

"Ma, how often have I told you not to call me "Babe"? Please don't let me have to rebuke you again"! Our Ephriam was much insulted.

"Ma"!—after several minutes.

"Yes, dear"?

"Where's my shoe polish"?

"Just a minute, Babe—er—I mean Ephriam, I'll shine your shoes for you".

"All right. Hurry as much as you can. And while you're at it just press my pants and look for my collar buttons".

"Yes, sweetheart".

After about a half-hour of this sort of thing had elapsed, he appeared, "brushed perfumed and polished". He was superb. Mama was so proud of him! Papa went through the painful duty of "doling out the money".

At exactly one minute to eight he was standing at Maggie's door. She came out looking heavenly; she was beautiful. Well, they went to the show. It was very sad in some places, and Ephriam came pretty near weeping, but managed to get through it all right. You see, Ephriam was accused by the boys of being a sissy, but it was really his poetic disposition that made him display his emotions so much. The best part of it all was the envious glances cast on him by both ladies and the "fellows". Both Ephriam and Maggie enjoyed this far better than the picture.

On their way home, they exchanged rings. Ephriam remarked that this made it "sort of binding". Maggie thought so too. He managed to get her home safely, but on his way home, some boys waylaid him and demanded to



know what he had said to her about them, and what she had said to him. He answered truthfully—that they had not even said anything about them; they had not talked about anyone. They talked of themselves all the time. In fact they almost forgot that any of those fellows existed. They were the least of their troubles.

So Ephriam finally got home. His heart was as light and happy as the sunshine in May. He could think of nothing or no one but “Maggie”. She was wonderful!

So time slipped by; Friday morning came. With dismay he thought of the fatal afternoon. What should he write about? He could think of nothing but Maggie. Why to be sure! He would write about her. So very carefully he composed the following poem. He did his best, for nothing was too good for her.

### *“Maggie, The Beautiful”*

I've known a lot of girls,  
Some with braids, some with curls,  
Some were pretty, some were not,  
None could compare with the girl I've got.  
She has eyes of deepest blue,  
Her hair is of a lovely brown hue,  
Her cheeks are as pink as a half-blown rose,  
Her ways are charming, she has wonderful clothes.  
The boys adore her; the girls abhor her,  
I know the reason why.  
I've got her ring, and she's got mine.  
I'm going to make her my wife sometime.  
I'll love her until I die!

The boys in the room sneered; the girls turned up their dainty little noses. The older folks applauded loudly. Ephriam had made another grand triumph. Maggie hung her head and blushed.

In the next weekly paper, “The Pond Lily Banner”, this poem appeared in large print. Everyone in the village considered this a great match. These two people were the two most popular personages in the city.

Thus ended Ephriam Golddust's (esteemed young poet of Pond Lily) first “calf love” affair.





*Home Is Mother*



*Some Feet*



*Come In!!*



*"A Hard Guy"*



*"Ag" Student*



*A Milk Fed Baby*



*"Ag" Products*



*Nut Club  
Exhibit I*



*Birds of a Feather*



*Flock together*



*Nut Club  
Exhibit II*



# Society

ALMA HALL, Editor



## *Parties*

### FRESHMEN PARTY

As usual, the first thing in the season, the Freshies had a "jubilee". On Friday nite they got permission from their papas and mamas, and gleefully departed for Bydaleks, who live several miles in the country. The poor unsophisticated Freshies strayed quite a ways from home this time. They played drop the handkerchief, ring around the rosie, and the like,—and Oh! yes, they danced! One of the Freshie girls was heard to say afterward, "O, I just love to dance with Mr. Miller, he is the most wonderful dancer"!

But what do you think? Those horrid great big boys from those great big upper classes came out. Wasn't that dreadful? They're so big and frightful and scared the wee tots so! But just the same, the Freshies had a beautiful time, and came home to their mamas, sleepy but smilingly.

### SOPHOMORE PARTY

The Sophomores had their annual celebration quite early in the season also, in the form of a marshmallow weiner roast at the home of Orin Hertz, Sept. 26, 1919. There were six carloads of them, counting the chaperones, Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Miss Ross. By the way I believe Mr. and Mrs. Miller got in on every party this year. I wonder why.

Well, this happy bunch of Sophs, sat around in the house, looked at each other, smiled, and occasionally spoke a few words, laughed etc. Finally Mr. Miller broke the ice by telling a few stories. Just as he was in the midst of an exciting anecdote, the Junior and Freshman boys announced themselves. But as there was nothing doing they went back home. Probably sent back, no one seems to know the truth of the matter.

After the desperadoes departure the Sophs went out side and roasted their "eatables". That is they were eatable after they were roasted. About eleven o'clock they adjourned, having had a very good time.

### JUNIOR PARTY

The Juniors decided to celebrate and show that they still had some pep, even though they were getting ancient. So Thursday evening, Oct. 12, they set merrily out in cars, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

Their destination was the river bank on the cement road enroute Kankakee. Here they roasted marshmallows and weiners and toasted their faces. A most delightful time was had by all.

### SUB-FRESHMEN PARTY

The Subs are a gay little bunch; Friday evening, March 12th, they sallied gayly "en masse" over to Miss Grace Hardy's after the basketball game, where they were informally entertained.

The Subs are also a musical bunch, and so they spent practically the whole evening in warbling (?). In fact, they warbled so much that the uninvited guests,



whom we have always with us, it seems, and who were then standing out in the cold, were finally driven away.

At a late hour the biscuits were served, after which they were properly escorted home by Ikey saying that they had had a perfectly gorgeous time.

### BIRTHDAY PARTY

The H. S. student body, chaperoned by Mrs. Johnston and Miss Peale, were most delightfully entertained on Thursday evening, Sept. 25th at the country home of Miss Edythe Metcalfe, in honor of her twenty-second birthday.

At eight o'clock precisely, the guest assembled at the First National Bank corner, where conveyance was provided; some had to hoof it, but that made no difference, for everyone had one thought in mind—to get out there!

They were cordially welcomed and all showed they were out for a good time by starting some good snappy peppy games. Miss Metcalfe delighted her guests by singing a few of her choice solos.

Then the entire party sang for about an hour, and everyone surprised themselves. None knew how good it sounded before. At a late hour delicious water melon was served. Miss Metcalfe was the recipient of many pretty and useful gifts, and was wished many more such happy birthdays by all. At about 11 o'clock the party turned homeward, some on foot again.

### THE HALLOWEEN PARTY

On Friday evening, October 21, students and honorable faculty met in the gym for a hilarious time. It was in the form of a masquerade and many and varied were the costumes.

It was great fun to see everyone slide down the slide, for that was the "formal" method of introduction to the gymnasium, which was profusely decorated with corn stalks, autumn leaves, and impish Jack O Lanterns. An hour of fun was enjoyed by all in trying to find out who everyone else was. Here was a witch, there a fairy, here a tramp, there a young dude, and so on until every possible type of person had been seen.

At last there was a grand march, and the judges stood solemnly by giving everyone the "ups and downs" as they passed. Finally they made their decisions and the prizes were awarded to Elizabeth La Roche, Pearl Deliere and Harriet Pittman, for having the best costumes and for being the most completely disguised.

Edmund Hess received the "honor" for being the tackiest. Ed was some hobo.

Several interesting boxing matches followed, also fortune telling and various other amusements (every thing but dancing). Then refreshments were served, (Mr. P. G. Miller cut the pies.) and at about 12 o'clock, "Au Revoir".

### LEAP YEAR PARTY

On Friday evening January 31, after an exciting double header basket ball game Miss Loraine Wiltse entertained about 24 young friends, at her home, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Walsh.

The evening was spent in dancing and playing cards. Delicious refreshments were served and at an early hour (in the morning) the guests departed. The hour at which they left was enough to assure their hostess of the wonderful time they had.



## GROSVENOR-JOHNSTON NUPTIALS

Tuesday, December 30th, 1919, at high noon, Miss Kathryn Grosvenor, English Instructor of our High School, and Mr. T. R. Johnston, Superintendent of Schools, were united in the bonds of holy matrimony at the bride's home in Osage City, Kansas.

The house was beautifully decorated with ferns and smilax. The single ring ceremony was used. Directly after the ceremony, an elaborate luncheon was served to the party, the immediate relatives and a few school friends of the bride being the only witnesses of the marriage. Late in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Johnston left for a week's honeymoon, which was spent in Kansas City and Rock Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston have the hearty and sincere wishes of the class of '21.

## INFORMAL PARTY

Saturday evening, April 10th, 1920, Miss Leota Smith entertained about twelve friends at her home, in honor of her cousin, Miss Noma Smith, of Kankakee. The evening was spent in dancing and games, and at about 11:30 delicious refreshments were served. More fun followed, and at about 1:00 o'clock the guests departed, everyone saying she had enjoyed a most enjoyable evening.

## GLEE CLUB PARTY

Friday evening, February 20, Miss Genola Walker entertained the Glee Club and lady members of the faculty at her home.

The new members, much to the enjoyment of every body else, were properly initiated. Mrs. Miller entertained the group, with a remarkable acrobatic stunt, proving her "athletic prowess". Then too, a number of secrets were found out from friend Ouija, regarding the ages and weight of certain ladies present. Singing and dancing were the most popular diversions of the evening. At about eleven o'clock, dainty refreshments were served, and at about 12:30 we bade our hostess good-nite, after having had a lovely time.

## FAREWELL PARTY

On January 28, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Walsh entertained the basketball squad, augmented by some ten or fifteen lounge lizards who had vision of eats. The evening was spent at cards, singing and eating, and at the end nine rahs were given Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, and many regrets that they were leaving.



## THE YEAR BOOK BANQUET

On January 24th, the students and faculty gathered at the school gymnasium to participate in the annual year Book Banquet. At precisely 8 o'clock all were summoned to the banquet tables. The hall of the new building was decorated very artistically in red and white twisted paper, which formed long canopies over the white lined tables. Very unique hand painted place cards were used which also carried out the cherry and white idea.

All were served an excellent banquet by Miss Peale and her assistants. The menu was:

Creamed Chicken	Escaloped Potatoes
Rolls	Peas in Timbles
	Pickles and Olives
Fruit Salad	Wafers
Cherry Ice Cream	Cakes
	Salted Nuts

The toast master, William Porter, then began the toasts by a very clever means which was carried out during the entire hour. The following toasts were given:

The Cost of Failure	Ruby Ross
The Price of Success	Etha Shaffer
Toast to the Seniors	Margaret Hobart
Toast to the Juniors	Orin Hertz
Toast to the Faculty	Elna Smith
The Year Book	Lila Kennedy
Dreams I Have	Mr. Miller
Value of Dieting	Miss Peale
Cooperation	Miss Bigelow
To the Working Man	Mr. Liberty
My Music Class	Miss Hardy
The Joys of Banking	Miss Ross
The Team	Mr. Walsh
Mrs. Johnston	Mr. Johnston
Mr. Johnston	Mrs. Johnston
Conclusion (another funny story)	Toast Master, William Porter

The toasts were all splendid and much credit is to be given the speakers as they were practically "the whole thing" of the evening. The toast master especially deserves a great deal of praise, for his parodies and witticisms.

After the conclusion of the toasts the entire party went to the gymnasium where various games were indulged in. Time seemed to fly and in seemingly no time, twelve o'clock was reached, and twelve o'clock always means "home" at school functions.



## Alumni

(BY FIVE YEAR CLASSES)

1895

Gertrude (Ellis) Hess	Momence, Ill.
H. W. Freeman (dentist)	Grant Park, Ill.
Eva (Kious) Knaur	Kankakee, Ill.
Hilma (Melby) Kinney	Momence, Ill.
Jessica (Patrick) Bacon	Tipton, Ind.
Charles Pogere	Crawfordsville, Ind.
E. L. Stafford	West Superior, Wis.
Fred Willis	Chicago, Ill.
Samuel Sanstrom (deceased)	

1900

Amos Chamberlain (farmer)	Momence, Ill.
James Cleary (merchant)	Momence, Ill.
Carl C. Clarke	Chicago, Ill.
Georgia (Lamport) Coleman	Brazil, Ind.
Lena (Dennis) Felt	Momence, Ill.
Nellie (Dwyer) Gordon	Penfield, Ill.
Will Harris	Grant Park, Ill.
Jania Johnson	Cute, Ill.
Lena (Garrett) Montgomery	Stockland, Ill.
Mattie (Babin) Mulcher	Michigan, Ill.
Stephen Morgan (deceased)	
Bessie (McKee) Porter	Chilacco, Okla.
Edward Porter	Chilacco, Okla.
Idella (Parmley) Sollitt	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Phoebe (Gibeault) Sprinkle	Villa Grove, Ill.
Florence (Culver) Shaffer	Ortonsville, Minn.
Belle Rice (teacher)	Momence, Ill.
Fred Willis (mail clerk)	Momence, Ill.
May (Lamport) Wallace	Grant Park, Ill.
Ida (Stratton) Woody	Ft. Worth, Tex.

1905

Georgia Bannet	Grant Park, Ill.
Stella (Dwyer) Goodre	Chicago, Ill.
Jessie Garrett (teacher)	Momence, Ill.
Jay Garrett (deceased)	
Lola (Vane) Hazard	Chicago, Ill.
Hollie (Shelby) McLaughlin	Cerro Gordo, Ill.
Virginia (Tabler) Roden	Pasadena, Calif.



## 1910

Louise (Astle) Wilson	Chicago, Ill.
Beatrice Barsalou	Chicago, Ill.
Beaulah (Cremar) Cornellius	West Frankfort, Ill.
Clifford Conner	Momence, Ill.
Margaret (Cleary) Dennis	Momence, Ill.
Percival Dennis	Momence, Ill.
George Grabe	Chicago, Ill.
Grace (Porter) Greenawalt	Momence, Ill.
Marie Jackson	Momence, Ill.
Eve (Lilly) Huntington	Teft, Ind.
Neil Metcalf	Momence, Ill.
Catherine Mazure (teacher)	Albuquerque, New Mexico
Harold Nelson	Chicago, Ill.
Lester Polk	Sanford, Ind.
John Stratton	Buenas Aires, Argentina
Catherine (Halpin) Sherwood	Momence, Ill.
Cecil Sherwood	Momence, Ill.
Howard Walker	Kansas City, Kan.
Mary Law	Chicago, Ill.
Mabel Snow	Momence, Ill.

## 1915

Amiee Bigelow (nurse)	Chicago, Ill.
Ruth Boswell	Joy, Ill.
Lucy Brown	Momence, Ill.
Robt. Dennis	Notre Dame
Elva Du Bridge	Washington, D. C.
Fred Evans	Detroit, Mich.
Viola Evans	Grant Park, Ill.
George Faree	Student U. of I.
Margaret Greenwalt (teacher)	Momence, Ill.
Clay Hayden	Momence, Ill.
Monroe Hayden	U. of I.
Hazel (McConnel) Conrad	Momence, Ill.
Hilton Nichols	U. of I.
Pauline Nichols	U. of I.
Margaret Nelson	Chicago, Ill.
Lucille Peterson	Peoria, Ill.
Lora Simonds (deceased)	
Gertrude (Smith)	Momence, Ill.
Charles Stevens	Chicago, Ill.
Philip Sweet	Momence, Ill.

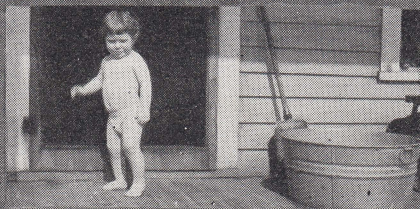




Venus a mile off



"Violet's Coming"



One of our Freshies.



"My Freddie"



Wish I Had a Girl



Oh you Jay!



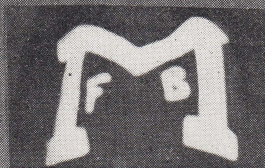
Baldy



"That One on you"



Look us Over



"Our Letter"



Got a Camel, Hupp?



Hello!



Sure, Fred.

Here's to our teachers—long may they rave.



# Athletics





# Football





## *Athletics*

BY PAUL G. MILLER

We hear so much concerning the success or failure of our athletic teams in the High School, that I wonder sometimes how the average person draws his conclusions. And I believe that too many times results are measured by the competitive records of the teams, and not upon the basis they should be measured.

The primary object which High School athletics seeks to attain is not the defeating of as many other teams as it can, but rather the development of the physical attributes of every individual to the fullest extent of his possibilities; this in turn may be roughly classed under four main heads:

1. General Health and bodily vigor. Every man wants his body to be as healthy and vital as he can possibly make it, because we are going to use these old shells of ours a mighty long time. And shall anyone say that exercise is of no benefit just because he happens to lose in a competitive contest?

2. Muscular strength and endurance. It is not sufficient that a man be merely healthy; he should possess in addition a reserve supply of muscular strength and endurance, for the race of life is hard enough at best, and his effectiveness should not be diminished.

3. Self Reliance. No boy likes to be spoken of as "tied to his mother's apron strings" and there comes a time when he must break away and depend upon himself—a time when he must be self-reliant. But with good robust health and the knowledge that he possesses a latent power in case of need, he already has self reliance, without which he could not hope to become a success.

4. Keenness, activity and precision. These are the physical expressions of an active mind, and with them no man need fear for his future, for they are the seeds of success. It is easy to disregard them, but just as easy to cultivate them.

Now if the athletics of Momence High School has even in a small measure been instrumental in making its boys more physically proficient by tending to develop the latent energy harmoniously, then its athletics are successful; and just to that extent to which they have been beneficial, can they be said to have been successful.



*Football, 1919*

Coach . . . . .	PAUL G. MILLER
Captain . . . . .	LON KELLER
Captain-Elect . . . . .	ALBERT HUNTE
Manager . . . . .	WARREN GRAY

Soon after school opened in the fall, the pig-skin was started rolling and the 1919 season in Football was on. Many new faces were in evidence, though not as many as were needed at that. For awhile about twenty-five aspirants reported for practice, but after a few stiff workouts, several developed unforeseen heart trouble and parental objections claimed others, so that the number was gradually cut down until it rested finally at a faithful eighteen.

Few realized the job Coach Miller had in building a strong team from raw and inexperienced material, but after three weeks of practice in football tactics, the team gave evidence of its training by holding the much heavier Watseka team to a 13-6 score.

Remington was taken to a trimming the next week by the large score of 47-6; on that day the team was at the height of its power, handicapped by neither cripples nor ineligibles.

The next week being an open date, the first team played the Scrubs, who were reinforced by Mr. Walsh and Mr. Miller, and defeated them 13-0.

Manteno fell before us next in a hard fought game, 6-0, in which our touch-down came in the last two minutes of play. Capt. Keller's ankle was strained in this game.

We went to Dwight minus our captain and with two or three others limping. After a fierce game in which both teams did a lot of scoring, we came home with the short end of a 40-19 score. In this game Johnson's shoulder was broken and E. Green tore a ligament in his ankle.

The last game of the season was played with a makeshift lineup, and we submitted to a 25-0 defeat by Remington, whom we had defeated so badly earlier in the season.

In spite of their lack of experience, there were several men who showed especial promise and ability. During all our games, Smith was a star both on offense and defense; the Greens showed up well on the ends, W. Green being very adept with the forward pass. Cooke ran the team in a peppery manner, and was hard to stop in broken field running. Our line was not all we should have wished, but it stood up well considering its lack of weight and experience.

The spirit of the team was good, and it is to be hoped that next year there may be built a well-balanced, well drilled fighting machine, which will sweep all its opponents before it.





JOHNSON    WILTSE    HYRUP    GARDNER    PORTER    SMITH    HUNTE    SCOTT    MILLER  
               W. GREEN    E. GREEN    HUPP    GRAY    HARDY    O'CONNELL  
                       HESS            KELLER, CAPT.    COOKE

## THE RECORD

Momence . . . . .	6	Watseka . . . . .	13
Momence . . . . .	47	Remington . . . . .	6
Momence . . . . .	13	Scrubbs . . . . .	0
Momence . . . . .	6	Manteno . . . . .	0
Momence . . . . .	0	Kankakee . . . . .	27
Momence . . . . .	19	Dwight . . . . .	40
Momence . . . . .	6	Town Team . . . . .	42
Momence . . . . .	0	Remington . . . . .	25



# Basketball







CANTWAY  
A. HUNTE

PORTER  
SMITH, CAPT.

MILLER

HESS  
SCOTT

FIRST TEAM



## *Basketball, 1919-20*

Coach . . . . .	L. B. WALSH, P. G. MILLER
Captain . . . . .	ELNO SMITH
Captain-Elect . . . . .	CLYDE CANTWAY
Manager . . . . .	EDWIN GREEN

Before the football season was over, several embryonic stars were paddling around the gym with a basketball, and when the season opened in earnest, Coach Walsh had a large and varied assortment of men from which to make his team. Within a short time, however, he was able to choose ten players of sufficient caliber, and these players have represented us this season.

Our preliminary games, which were scheduled with teams usually weak, belied our expectations, for they were quite strong, so that, instead of serving as stiff practice games, our opponents walked off with the bacon. We fell into our stride soon after this, however, and in the final results made a very creditable showing among the high schools of this section, finally annexing second place in the county tournament at Kankakee.

During the season we defeated Hersher twice, Manteno twice, Onargo (second game) and Kankakee Y. M. C. A. We lost to Bourbonnais K. C. twice, Donovan twice, Onargo (first game), Wateska twice, Milford and Kankakee.

Among our star performers, Captain Smith stands first; his floor work and long shots were the features of many of our games. Cantway and A. Hunte scored often, and Scott ate 'em alive in his territory. Porter was handicapped by being a little over-weight (?), but ably assisted by some very good jumping.

But there can be no first team without a second, and too much credit cannot be given our second team, for they were exceptionally loyal all season, with lots of spirit and pep. They played good basketball on many occasions as good as the first team, and ought to furnish next year's team with some splendid material.

Captain Smith, A. Hunte, Captain-elect Cantway, Scott, Porter, Cooke and Hess were voted letters for the seasons's work.





HUPP  
HARDY

MILLER  
HESS

A. HUNTE  
H. HUNTE

SECOND TEAM



*Basketball Record*

Momence . . . . .	15	Bourbonnais K. C. . . . .	35
Momence . . . . .	4	Bourbonnais K. C. . . . .	39
Momence . . . . .	12	Donovan . . . . .	44
Momence . . . . .	13	Onarga . . . . .	28
Momence . . . . .	17	M. H. S. Alumni . . . . .	22
Momence . . . . .	30	Herscher . . . . .	15
Momence . . . . .	39	Manteno . . . . .	7
Momence . . . . .	13	Kentland . . . . .	28
Momence . . . . .	11	Donovan . . . . .	55
Momence . . . . .	17	Wateska . . . . .	42
Momence . . . . .	19	Onarga . . . . .	15
Momence . . . . .	7	Milford . . . . .	22
Momence . . . . .	12	Watseka . . . . .	48
Momence . . . . .	21	Kankakee Y. M. . . . .	17
Momence . . . . .	36	Manteno . . . . .	9
Momence . . . . .	38	Herscher . . . . .	11
Momence . . . . .	12	Kankakee . . . . .	40

The man who wins the battles of war,  
 The man who gets what he needs and more,  
 The man in the game who brings up the score,  
 Who fights his opponents and yet ne'er grows sore,  
 Is he, you will find, when the last count is taken,  
 Who never gave up 'till he "brought home the bacon".







## *Bingville News*

Dear Editor:

I take the Bingville Bugle and I wuz a readin tother day as how you wuz a wantin sum news for that new year book of yourn. I am sendin you a few of the happenins of these diggins.

W. Gray has had his mustash cut off cause it tickled the girls so none of em could kiss him without sneezin afterwards.

Mister Bright has two talkin machins now: a victrola and Ruby. The latter is an improved type—runs without windin.

A. Cooke had a turribul accident yesterday mornin wich might nigh rooined him; he bent over suddin like to pick up a book and the result left a awful void where he sets, causin him to be considerabul in the limelight. He stayed home in bed that P. M. wile his ma fixed em.

I heered that W. Scott went to Chicago last week and seen Mr. Edison's talkin movin picturs, and he got so interested he plum fergot where he wuz at. All at once a perfectly butiful girl walked out on the movin pictur and looked rite at Walter and sed: "Ah there honey". Walter he blushed clean up to his eyebrows, but he wuzent goin to be bluffed and he yelled back, "Oh you yaller-legged chicken". And they say the movin pictur wuz so surprised it didnt know what to do fer a minute or two afterwards.

Old Ligie Groce sneezed so hard in church Sunday that his glass eye flew out and hit the preacher square in the mouth as he wuz exhortin and the preacher like to choak to death before he could swaller it. Ligie wuz plum sick over his loss as the eye wuz giv to him by his first wife and that's all he had left to remember her by. The minister is awful upset about it and says he can't sleep fer thinkin of that eye a layin there inside of him watching his digestive apparatus a workin.

B. Porter and W. Wilson got in a fite last night and Bill got so mad he thot he wuz in a dog fite; anyhow he bit Windy's ear might nigh off. Windy had his pa file up his grinders fer next time but Bill is steerin clear of him now knowin well that a mouth like Windy's wouldn't stop at nothin lessn an arm or a leg. Ef I was Bill I wouldn't worry none with his arms and legs.

This is all the news fer now, more next week.

Yours truly,  
Lizzie Fizzie



## LIMERICKS

The heights by seniors gained and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
For they while their dear teachers slept  
Went bumming almost every night.

I sit alone in the twilight,  
Forsaken by girls and men;  
And murmur over and over,  
"I'll never eat onions again"!

Boyibus kissibus  
Sweet girliorum:  
Girlibus likibus  
Wanti somorum.

Lives of Football men remind us,  
We can knock and buck and slug;  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on another's mug.

God made the world—and rested;  
God made man—and rested;  
Then God made woman—  
Since then neither God nor man has rested.

If you study oft on Sunday,  
You will have no harps and wings,  
And you'll never go to heaven  
Where they have those dainty things.

But you'll go to regions balmy  
On the cinder paths below,  
Where you'll take delight in greeting  
Teachers whom you used to know.

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold stones, O Sea,  
I bet you could break for forty years  
And not be as broke as me.

He put his arm around her waist,  
And the color left her cheek,  
But upon the shoulder of his coat,  
It showed up for a week.

Don't study when you're tired,  
Or have something else to do;  
Don't study when you're happy,  
For that would make you blue.  
Don't study in the day-time,  
Don't study in the night,  
But study at all other times  
With all your main and might.



## THE ROYAL ORDER OF MUTTS

Better Known as "The Vagabond Club".

Founded at M. H. S. 1919

COLORS: Long green and Black Jack.

LIGHT OCCUPATION: Trying to better a pair.

## OFFICERS

Sir Walter Scott	Pres. Sec'y & Gen. Mgr.
"High Pocket" Porter	Receiver of the Countersign
"Squeaky" Hupp	Operator of the Guillotine

## MEMBERSHIP

## In M. H. S.

"Hunko" Smith  
 Sir Walter Scott  
 "High-Pocket" Porter  
 "Kid" Cooke  
 "Pat" Sweeney  
 "Ducky" Sandstrom

"Krazy-Kat" Keller  
 "Stubbs" O'Connell  
 "Slave" Wiltse  
 "Beauty" Bydalek  
 "Kandy" Gray  
 "Red" Hunte

## IN URBE

"Copen" Renstrom

Single tube Thomas

## LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN

Walt Logan

"Pawn-shop" Gardner

## IN OBLIVION

Windy Wilson

"Jim" Burns

## PLEDGES

"Doc" Montague

"Beany" Parks

Owing to the coming hard times, I have decided not to have my hair cut any more this year.

W. Scott



## FAMOUS SAYINGS OF UNKNOWN PEOPLE

Mr. T. R.—Just a moment please, then you may have the floor.  
Mr. M.—That makes me think of a little story I just heard.  
Mrs. J.—Settle down, people, this isn't a social gathering.  
Miss Big.—Please keep your feet off the chairs.  
Miss Ross—What are you late for?  
Miss Peale—Did you say your name was Sweetie? O, Mr. Douglas.  
Mr. Walsh—More pep, you pill dozers!  
Mr. Hungerford—Did Mr. Walsh let you act this way?  
Miss Beardslee—No talking allowed.  
Mr. Liberty—This is no gym.

## MIDNIGHT BY THE ROADSIDE

One Saturday morn, the minister, all tired and worn,  
On his face a deep deep frown, paced the parsonage floor.  
“My daughter, I implore”! But where was the absent one?  
The sun rose o'er Stubby in the Oakland there  
Where the Jay did gap, for on his lap, sat the maiden fair.  
Shadows of Gray and Violet mingled near;  
And so papa found them, in the chill morning air.

## FLUNKER'S RECIPE

Take one pound of bluffs, stir in one half as many excuses, add a party or two, and flavor it with moonlight strolls. Serve hot at the end of the semester.

Professor—“Suppose a horse froths at the mouth what would you do”?  
Ag. Student—“Teach him how to spit”.

On a mule we find two legs behind,  
And two we find before;  
We stand behind before we find,  
What the two behind be for.

Judge—“Little girl, was your father under the influence of liquor when your mother hit him with the broom”?

Little Girl—“No, sir. He was under the kitchen table”.

Miss Ross—“Have you any questions to ask about today's lesson”?  
Warren G.—“Yes, where is it”?

“Bill”—“I wish to ask a question about a tragedy”.

Miss Ross—“What is it”?

“Bill”—“What is my grade in History”?

Adolph Bydalek (after exams)—“I flunked in Algebra, but I nearly passed in English”.



## A FEW PERSONALS

Bill Porter—"Say Doc, will you give me something for my head"?

Doc—"My dear boy, I wouldn't take it as a gift".

Will exchange a good Overland touring car for a ten ride ticket to Milford—Gen. Wilson.

Wanted: Three strong girls to sew buttons on the fifth floor—Scott & Co.

Will exchange Maxwell touring car with three good wheels for a Packard Eight—P. G. Miller.

Wanted: A good two room house for my wife and hogs—Albert Bydalek.

Miss B.—"Walter, what island lies west of Canada"?

Walter—"Prince Albert". (We think he must have been having a pipe dream.)

She—"I'm going to give you back your engagement ring. I love another".

He—"Give me his name and address".

She—"Horrors! Do you mean to go and kill him"?

He—"No, I want to sell him the ring".

Della, to Genola who had been sick one half day—"Did the doctor know what you had"?

Genola—"Well, he seemed to have a pretty accurate idea; he asked me for ten dollars and I only had eleven".

Fluck—"Why did you break your engagement to the school teacher"?

Stranger—"Well, if I failed to show up an evening she wanted a written excuse from my mother".

Principal (speaking to new student)—"What was your occupation before entering school here"?

Student—"Traveling Salesman".

Principal—"Stick around, you'll get plenty of orders here".

## X-RAY DETECTIVE AGENCY

P. Sweeney, Chief Detective and Keyhole specialist.

E. Bartlett & H. Mills, Assistants

We are adept at spying on our friends or yours. Night work our specialty. This is the firm that caught the man that stole the bung-hole out of the barrel. Terms Reasonable.



## HEART TO HEART TALKS

My ideal man is perfectly grand looking, keen, clothes, just out of college.

Sentimentally yours,

Leila Harms

When I marry it will be for one hundred thousand dollars—I don't care what his other name is.

Yours for business,

Blanche Peterson

My ideal man would lay down his life for me and save me from a burning building if necessary.

Yours excitedly,

Pearle Deliere

My ideal man must be thirty years old, six feet tall and have an unconquerable will.

Yours hopefully,

Miss Bigelow

My ideal man must have soulful eyes, a ravishing pompadour, and wear spats.

Yours modestly,

Lula Jones

My ideal man must be kind and good, with lofty ideals, and kind to dumb animals.

Yours sympathetically,

Alma Hall

## FOUR EPITAPHS

Deep wisdom—swelled head,  
Brain fever—he's dead.

A Senior.

False maiden—hope fled,  
Heart failure—he's dead.

A Junior.

Bluffed a teacher—nuff said,  
Teacher hit 'im—he's dead.

A Sophomore.

Milk famine—not fed,  
Starvation—he's dead.

A Freshman.



## *The Calendar*

### SEPTEMBER

1. School opens; O, it's nice to get up in the Morning, but it's nicer to lie in bed!
2. Everybody studies—maybe.
3. Athletic association meeting: "Hunko" elected president on his poor looks and good qualities.
4. Wesley and Porter come to blows.
8. Football! Football! Football!
9. Gray entertains Queen Esters; Astle's hardware makes a run for the ministry, but—
10. New Traffic cop appointed for lower halls.
11. Lula Jones falls for Windy Wilson—downstairs.
12. Lon says football made his nose red, but we have our own opinions.
15. Bill Porter becomes a ladies man; who was she, Bill?
16. Windy and Mr. Miller have heart to heart talk; Windy stays three nights after school.
17. Kid Eilers flees from wicked seniors and seeks protection under Miss Beardslee's sheltering wing.
19. Freshmen party; Windy serves time in a clothes closet, and H. Novack has midnight adventure.
22. Blacklist posted; many exemptions and failures.
23. Edith and Lon attend the church social.
24. Juniors clear \$8.00 on candy and pop-corn stand; Ernest says he spent \$7.95.
- Why, Ernest?
25. Edith has birthday party: whole school attends. Why did Cooke and Hunko refuse to ride? Some attraction.
26. Sophomore party; Mr. Hertz stands guard over the wieners.
29. Y. B. contest starts.

### OCTOBER

1. Windy seems to have made quite a hit with Jennie H.: question is who hit hardest.
2. Wiltse and Barbara both look sleepy.
4. All football players flunk except seventeen.
5. Watseka defeats us 13-6.
7. Who ate the watermelon on the front stairs??
8. Paul seems more determined than ever to become a preacher's son (in-law).
9. Juniors give weiner roast; whole school present as usual.
11. Football team goes to Remington, no game, cold or wet feet.
13. Scott gives lecture on dignified conduct.
15. Report cards out; lots of strong words between classmen.
16. Everybody hears Lorraine has a beau.
17. Ag club holds debates and quartet tortures audience.
18. Momence defeats Remington 47-6.
20. Year Book contest closes, whites winning; bring on the chow.
21. Sir Walter Scott buys a pig from Sears Roebuck and names it Elsie.
22. B. Porter out riding again; detectives on the trail, but report no clews.
23. K. K. K. defeats us, 27-0.



24. Blake leaves school; many in mourning.
25. M. H. S. defeats Mr. Miller and Mr. Walsh 14-0.
27. Bill Porter brings snake to school; is excused from English to show the cute little thing to T. R.
29. Adolph brings interesting ring to school; ask Marjorie.
31. Hallowe'en party; lots of fun, lots of girls, and plenty of pie.

## NOVEMBER

1. Momence defeats Manteno 6-0. Tuff game.
3. Sweeney starts work for Burdick; well supplied with candy 'neverything; a "Lucky Strike" for him.
4. Wilmet makes a call north of tracks; to see T. R.? No, he stopped one house too early.
5. Second and third periods are feeding (candy) time at the zoo for Sweeney.
6. Raymond Martin gets lost in the lab.
7. Etha says her papa's been robbed; suspicious looking characters in the Fresh room.
8. Momence loses to Dwight but Lille soothes Ed.
10. Elno thinks he was hurt in Saturday's game: breath becomes caught and it was five minutes before he could release it.
11. Town team massacres our cripples.
13. G. Wilson compelled to hold one hour sessions for her numerous admirers; P. Sweeney reports for night shift 8 to 9 p. m.
14. Dunbar Bellringers entertain splendidly
15. Team is beaten at Remington 24-0.
17. Some naughty Jr. puts ancient egg in H. Sharkey's pocket; some wicked Sr. comes along and breaks it.
19. F. Wiltse becomes matrimonial agent for Freshmen girls. Adolph goes to Chi to buy box of candy.
23. Sweeney changes seat in third period daily; on the roof next, Miss G says.
25. "Cigarettes and the team" is the entertaining topic of Mr. Johnston; Hunko looks very pale.
26. No turkey, play Villa Grove.
27. Lot of snow; we eat turkey after all.
28. Warren and Jay treat their lady friends to a ride on a muddy road.

## DECEMBER

1. New music for Miss Hardy's classes; renewed search for the lost chord; hope they find it.
2. Signs of fatigue in the Senior ranks.
3. Public Speaking class entertains P. T. A.
- 4-5th No school: teachers at Kank Institute; pupils about to strike for five days a week.
5. B. B. starts, K of C defeating us 35-15.
8. Stubbs hears Donovan is coming: hopes he's a Senior.
9. B. B. team goes to see K of C play: all report a fine game.
10. Gray extremely happy: U. of I. running short of coal.
12. Donovan hits us hard, 42-11.
15. Miss G wears sparkler on left hand; congratulations.
16. Senior boys hold secret meeting; appointed M. P's.
18. Hyrup has serious accident; ask Art Hupp.
19. Sweeney's father arrests him today. Concealed weapons was the charge. (Another pipe).
23. Vacation coming; everybody studies???



## JANUARY

5. Everybody back; new neckties for the boys, while the girls wear smiles and giggles.

6. Gen receives a "nobody-loves-me" dog: Jay aren't you ashamed.

7. Ponton shows a great interest in children, especially the sixth grade girls.

8. Marjorie S. writes quite an interesting article of her marriage to Wilmet: if dreams come true.

9. The girls wake up to the fact that it's leap year.

12. Fred Metcalf spends morning trying to invent a kissless mistletoe.

13. Pictures for yearbook today: Mr. Adkins goes to Chicago for new camera.

14. Ah! Anstrom measures his length on the front stairs again.

15. We wonder what's worrying some of the girls; can it be the Year Book Banquet?

16. Donovan defeats M. H. S.

19. Hupp looks lonesome; we're sorry she moved.

20. Leila G. very pale: reason, exams, two in deportment.

21. Home early, but not to bed; six weeks work in one night.

22. Bill leaves a shoe with a foot in it in the Lab while he steps down stairs.

23. Watseka and Company entertain the B. B. Squad.

24. Y. B. Banquet. Toasts, eats, fun.

26. Lu Jones prefers Green to Red.

28. Mr. Walsh entertains in farewell party; Hupp learns a new wrinkle about two bits in the light.

30. M. H. S. defeats Onarga 19-15.

## FEBRUARY

2. Football "M"'s given out.

3. Another sparkler appears in Domestic Science.

4. H. Novack sports long trousers; some boy.

5. Howard S. goes to Kank for hair cut.

6. Smith breaks record as M. H. S. smothers Manteno, 39-7.

9. W. Langdoc stops fight; makes fifty in five flat.

10. Windy gets vacation early, by request.

11. F. Wiltse roams about building, looking for means of escape.

12. Lincoln's Birthday: half holiday.

13. M. H. S. defeats K. K. K. Y team.

14. Miss Peale on warpath for pennies: refuses to tell reason.

16. H. Fox and H. Mills decide to take half day off; result stormy interview with T. R. and P. G. and a week's restriction.

18. B. Porter has lightning bug which he has taught to shimmy.

20. Watseka defeats M. H. S. at Watseka.

23. Indignation meeting and strike for a holiday.

24. Day of judgment; fire escape trembles with numerous victims. Lecture on Bolsheviks, Reds, etc., and we stay from four to four thirty for a week.

26. Several reds deported upon request.

28. County tournament; M. H. S. defeats Manteno, Herscher, but fails to defeat K. K. K. for championship; we get second place.

## MARCH

2. Hunko up invoicing? One little slip, ten foot dive, full speed for the Doc.

3. Several High School students kicking the footlights in Guertin's Hall.

4. Jay sick for couple of days; Sweeney steps right up to the bat for the maiden's hand.

5. M. H. S. defeats Town Crumbs, 29-26.



6. Junior Class sign contract for next year with Brown Lycaeum Bureau.
9. Lulu J. spends week end with diptheria.
10. Pipes fast become the rage among boys.
11. Alma wonders where her wandering Buddie is tonight.
12. M. H. S. defeats Town Crumbs again; about \$24 cleared after paying the light bill.
15. Sweeney attends Firemen Feed and breaks all records for consumption of sandwiches.
16. Can you tame wild women? Blanche P. is looking for a cave man.
17. St. Patricks' day in the mawning. How about a holiday.
18. Wonder what Art H. and L. M. think about a rainy night?
19. Track and baseball discussed; track will uncover a multitude of shins.
22. Help! Marjorie has rats in her hair.
23. Miss E. Smith gets letter from select boarding school for girls, and write for further particulars.
24. Jay quits Astles hardware; will sure go to the wall now.
25. Sweeney quits Burdicks; we advise a candy inventory.
26. Clara B. spends evening with the Haslitt family.
29. Blacklist posted again. Gone are the ones and one fives.
30. Track squad appears and soon disappears.

## APRIL

1. APRIL FOOL!!!
2. Sweeney gets permission to go home for his wintry armor as protection against the stormy blasts.
5. Many find it impossible to get to school on account of deep snow drifts.
6. We're gradually thawing out.
8. Miss Peale resumes her milk diet.
9. Several girls among Freshies wear Woolworth diamonds and one raw lad had diamond tie pin.
12. Ah! the sun shines today.
13. Bah! It's gone I guess to stay. (Poetry)
15. P. G. climbs to ethereal heights on a vaulting pole and bites the dust. Torn ligaments in left arm result.
16. Seniors seek inspiration for exams at Bijou.
18. A year from today will be Sunday.
19. Hungerford swipes a pie and rides a night horse.
20. Miss Beardslee threatens to pull F. Wiltse's hair.
21. Spring begins to appear a month late; better late than never.
22. We are all set for the interclass baseball game. It ends in a tie after terrific bombardment.
23. Visitor's day for the teachers, and sleep for studes.
26. Blue Monday—even T. R. is blue.
27. Seniors are inspired to greater efforts by a few choice words about graduation. Of course the other fellow was the one meant.
29. All night dance, tired and weary, but happy. "Sphinx" wakes up and goes to press.



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Lots of things  
We left out.

Because we  
Did not care  
To write  
As bad things  
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About.  
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